

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The English in India. By the Author of *Pandurang Hari*, and the *Zenana*. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Simpkin and Marshall.

THOUGH without that personal interest in the matter which is felt by many thousands, (the extension of our eastern territories having so increased the number of civil and military officers there employed, that, according to the author before us, 'almost every family has some relative or intimate acquaintance in that distant country,') yet the announcement of '*English in India*' led us to anticipate much that even to our unexcited imagination should be really novel and important. We believed that there existed peculiarities in the tone of feeling, the manners, and the habits of Eastern society, that afforded excellent scope for a light, graceful, and accurate pencil. To the author of '*Pandurang Hari*' and '*The Zenana*,' both of which exhibited very superior ability, we looked for those delineations of the character, those developements of the conduct of a certain distinct caste, of which there is an acknowledged and regretted deficiency. We hoped for the sweeping away of many ancient and erroneous ideas, and for the substitution of notions at once new, comprehensive, and correct. This consummation, however devoutly to be desired, has not been effected in the present instance; for though these volumes are of an amusing and varied character, yet we must confess that they have disappointed us, and are not calculated to enhance the reputation of the author. They prove, we think, that his forte lies rather in the concoction of mere eastern fictions, than in the description of living characters and actual manners. He professes to write for the satisfaction of those who are anxious to understand the mode of living in the presidencies of India, and for the perusal of those who may be about to be enrolled amongst them; but we suspect that the stock of information thus supplied, will be found unsatisfactory and meagre in a very high degree. In fact, so little are the incidents and personages tinged with the peculiarities of the region in which the scene is laid, that we not infrequently forget altogether that it is Anglo-Indian life which the author is attempting to delineate. The events might be supposed to take place in any part of the world, and some of them are sufficiently dark and wild even for those climes of romance and mystery, Italy and Spain.

The 'heroine' of the work, upon whom the author piques himself, as allowing him, 'by the introduction of many incidents, founded upon fact, to blend novelty with information,' leaves one of her guardians, Major Carroll, in England, and proceeds to India to place herself under the protection of the other, Colonel Hawes. During the voyage, she becomes acquainted with the hero,

Lieutenant Onslow, who, in the due order of such matters, falls desperately in love with the heroine's 'form and figure.' And here, having to enter our protest against the writer's vile negligence of style, we shall show cause for the severity of our censure, by extracting Onslow's graceless 'popping of the question:'

"Let me hail the day," said Onslow, "which once more brings me into your presence, Miss Riley; and let me rejoice at your recovery from that illness which the recent accident occasioned. But you are angry with me, dearest Miss Riley. What have I done to—?"

"No, sir, no," said the agitated girl; "who can be displeased with such conduct as yours on the occasion you allude to? but leave me; remember I am nearly alone in the ship. Oh, sir, I must not, I ought not to be here."

"Miss Riley," said Onslow, "there may not be another such an opportunity as the present; let me seize it, therefore, to pour out my whole soul to you—to declare that passion I have ever felt—to offer to you that heart which beats alone for you:—nay, speak not, unless the comfort of hope can proceed from those beauteous lips;—but I cannot be deceived. You do not detest me?"

"Detest, Mr. Onslow, oh, no, no, no," and she covered her face once more, and indulged in a flood of tears, alarming to the agitated Onslow.

"What am I to understand from these tears, Miss Riley? Do you love me, and yet weep because you do so?"

"No, sir—no—Mr. Onslow, I weep for you; forget me; think of me no more; I am not worthy your regard." Your love she would have said, but the word died upon her quivering lip.

"Oh, say not regard alone," murmured Onslow, "I love, I adore you, Miss Riley; Eleanor let me call you, for that name is now so engrafted, so interwoven with my very existence, that it is ever on my lips."

"Oh, Mr. Onslow," sighed Eleanor, "you little know the unfortunate being you thus address; that I admire, that I regard, nay, love you more than I dare express, is, and has been, perhaps, too evident; but here let us pause: I must not, cannot hope ever to be yours."

"What do I hear, beauteous, lovely Eleanor! You love me, and yet cannot be mine! Where is the obstacle who can prevent it?"

"Alas," said Eleanor, "I am at the disposal of my guardian, to whom I am now proceeding; his consent, allowing it to be granted, cannot remove the obstacle, the great impediment and barrier between us."

"Speak, beloved girl," cried Onslow, seizing her hand, and imprinting thereon a fervent kiss; "tell me where is the barrier, where, or who is the impediment?"

"Onslow," said Eleanor in a firm collected voice, "I tell you, you know not to whom you plight your faith; I am, alas! alone, friendless, and unfortunate, the child of pity and compassion. A father I never knew, a mother's care I am a stranger to; for the preservation of my existence I am indebted to a stranger: sorrows

* Viz. ever since they have been on board ship together.

may await me, poverty, neglect, and insult may be my doom, but never until I learn who were my parents, can I join my destiny with yours. You have friends, sisters, mother, uncle; can I,—could I appear before them as the wife of Onslow? I,—a helpless being, child of charity; think of this, Onslow; but remember, if not yours, as I am so will I for ever remain, for once have I said it,—I love you with an affection as sincere as ever the breast of woman cherished."

"Eleanor, Eleanor!" exclaimed the enraptured Onslow, "can this moment ever be forgotten, have I heard, and been silent so long? Drive me not to despair—what is birth, what is in a name? I love you for yourself, for your virtues, for your accomplishments, for your gentle nature and affectionate heart,—who then will, who dare part us? Your reasons for objecting to become my own, my dear Eleanor, I honour, but cannot subscribe to; on our arrival, therefore, let us to the altar, and there joined, let no one put us asunder."

"Onslow," said Eleanor, "you know, you see my heart beats for you alone; yet until of age, I am not my own mistress, nor even then dare I presume to be so. I have vowed never to bestow my hand, until my parents or some history of them shall be known; friends in Ireland are unceasing in their attempts to discover them, and then should I prove worthy of your hand, can you doubt that I should refuse you?"

"Eleanor, I must submit, but how am I to live? How, when separated from you, linger out my solitary hours?"

"Live, Onslow, on the certainty of my unchangeable love and affection for you, and on the assurance that neither time or space, wealth or power, shall ever compel me to be another's."

"And this you promise?"

"This I faithfully promise."

"Then here let me, beloved Eleanor, in your presence, and before him that made us, vow to live and die for you, and you alone; and may this oath, sealed by this kiss, if broken or forgotten, never be forgiven by offended Heaven, but remain indelible on the record of my sins, on that great day, when all must render an account of their deeds here on earth."

Eleanor, shedding tears, turned away her face, overwhelmed with the conflicting feelings of joy and grief; joy that Onslow was her's, and grief that she could not be united to him, as soon as both could desire it. They stood still, unwilling to separate for a moment; till Eleanor, reflecting on her situation, and the anticipated remarks on her conduct should she be discovered or known to have been so long with Onslow, said, "leave me, Onslow, I must compose myself before dinner, farewell."

The provident recollection of 'dinner,' and the composure requisite for comfortable digestion, proves that Eleanor was not one of those desperately impassioned lasses, who live on their lovers' vows, and for a certain period can exist on 'airy nothing.' As an example of the author's more lively and successful efforts, we subjoin the description of a dinner party at the house of Colonel Hawes. The colonel is really a capital portrait.

'Pennyfeather, Brasswaith, the commander-

in-chief, and Mr. Warren were present; Mrs. Brasswaith, Mrs. Warren, Miss Watson, Mrs. Williams, and Miss Guilmot were the principal ladies. Dr. and Mrs. M'Visit were last announced; there were sundry captains and civilians, with Rubrick, Erscot, Harcourt, and Wiffen. Altogether about twenty-four persons sat down to a most sumptuous dinner. Eleanor was conducted to the dinner room by Barrington, and sat near Miss Guilmot and Miss Watson. The day having been excessively hot, and the sea breeze scarcely gaining a victory over the parching hot wind, artificial air was circulated, by means of punkahs large, and punkahs small.

"The conversation soon turned upon the masquerade; one party discussed the mystery of the gilded chest; another, the abduction of Miss Guilmot; a third, the robbery of the colonel; and a fourth, the attempted assassination of the Portuguese. "Gracious me! Miss Guilmot," said Mrs. Brasswaith, who sat opposite, "were you not dreadfully alarmed, at having murder committed so near to you?"

"No," answered the young lady, with an affected air of indifference; "in the first place, it was all done so skilfully, that I scarcely knew of it, and if I had, I don't see how I could have avoided it."

"Well, I am sure," said Mrs. Brasswaith, "your nerves are stronger than mine; I should have screamed with all my might."

"You would have been choked for your pains, then," said Miss Guilmot, "for I scarcely opened my mouth, ere I was gagged by the ruffians."

"Horrible!" cried one, "shocking!" cried another, "you must have been rejoiced to see Mr. Onslow."

"Oh, yes," we had a most tender meeting," said Miss Guilmot.

Eleanor blushed scarlet.

"By the bye," inquired one of the gentlemen, of an officer near Eleanor, "have you heard of Onslow to-day?"

"No, 'pon my honour, not a word, since he has been sent to quod."

Eleanor trembled; but not understanding the answer, and imagining it was the name of some part of the country, inquired timidly where quod was situated?

The officer smiled, and one of them archly replied, "not very far off, Miss Riley."

"He will return soon, I suppose," said Eleanor.

"I really do not understand his affairs," replied the officer, "but hope he will."

Eleanor was constrained to remain satisfied; yet the looks and expressive smiles of the young men, especially Wiffen, who Eleanor distinctly perceived was jogging Harcourt's elbow during the inquiry, convinced her that some mystery concerning Onslow was yet to be developed.

"Your room, colonel, is very warm," observed Pennyfeather.

"Tis so, my dear sir, but I am planning serious alterations at Prospect Lodge; in the first place, I shall raise it one story higher, make a sweep of new bed rooms, connected by a wide *cord-de-roi*, throughout the building."

The company giggled, and even Eleanor smiled at the colonel's ingenious blunder.

"Well, but I don't see how this will cool your dining room, colonel?" said Brasswaith.

"Why, I shall throw open a wide verandah, twice the width of the present one, and build a capacious *terch* at the entrance, to enjoy the cool of the evening; and intend to cut down that *revenue* of trees which *distracts* the air, and breeds musquitos."

"No, colonel," said Mrs. Hawes, "pray don't cut down those handsome mango trees."

The colonel, who never entered into any discussion with his wife in public, turned to

the commander-in-chief, saying, Sir Andrew Ambletoe, allow me the honour of a glass of wine:—mind now it is cool, Venketty Dos," (addressing his servant.)

The company, recovering from the convulsive restraint they had been compelled to put upon themselves, on hearing Hawes' repeated blunders, resorted to the old topic of the masquerade; the guests seemed to mention the name of Ward in a mysterious tone of voice; and broken, half-finished sentences, respecting those ladies, met Eleanor's ear; who, had she been so inclined, could have satisfactorily proved their treachery towards her, in favour of De Castro. The arrangement of her dress, settled by Miss Ward for the express purpose of giving De Castro intimation of it; together with her withdrawing, as she imagined, Miss Guilmot, her dear Circassian, from the supposed Eleanor, at the entrance to the plantain grove, were irrefragable proofs of the decided part Miss Ward took in the perpetration of the outrages. Wiffen's presence checked the tongues of the company, who seemed, however, panting to express their open avowal of Mrs. Ward's participation in the plot.

The cloth being removed, the colonel rose, and proposed the health of the ladies, and "may they ever be protected from the geniis of the sea."

Loud applause followed this appropriate and humorous toast; and as Miss Guilmot had been the heroine of the piece, every one bowed to her—Miss Guilmot your health—Miss Guilmot, I have the honour to drink your good health—madam, your very good health, was echoed through the hall.

The lady assumed an indescribable, pleasant sort of becoming confusion, as she nodded, bowed, and thanked the company, one by one; but the real delight she enjoyed, the internal pleasure she felt, no one could imagine; and she secretly drank the health of the author of her present happiness, more than ever rejoicing in his escape.

"How came you magistrates to let De Castro slip through your fingers?" inquired the commander-in-chief.

"Oh, faith," said Erscot, "you may well ask that, your excellency, but our anxiety to do right, led us to do wrong."

"No, no, Erscot," said Barrington, "we did send for him, you know."

"Oh, vary true, sir, and he was no where to be found, you know."

The company laughed, and opinions were given as to his mode of escape, and how he could have heard of the capture of the wounded De Silva, or that his name had been mentioned.

"Walls have ears," said Rubrick.

"But they have no legs, sir, to run away and tell what they know, I suppose, sir?" said Erscot. "Why no," said Rubrick, "I can't say they have; but they may whisper what they know to those who stand by them!"

"Oh faith then," said Hawes, "they have tongues, too, have they?—when I build my *cord-de-roi*!—Here the ladies rising to retire, the company lost the remainder of the speech, much to their mortification.

The gentlemen being reseated, Wiffen, determined not to lose the joke, said, "What were you saying, sir, about your *cord-de-roi*?"

"Eh, was I talking of that: why I was going to say, such a plan was far preferable to your nasty, narrow *subterranean passages* that you often see at the tops of people's houses?"

Wiffen, with his hookah in his mouth, had considerable difficulty to keep his countenance. Sir Andrew coughed; Pennyfeather begged the colonel's snuff box; some sneezed; and others resorted to the old plan of blowing their noses, to conceal their convulsed countenances.

"You don't visit Mackworth—do you, colonel?" inquired Mr. Brasswaith.

"I have his acquaintance, sir; and that is all I am ambitious of: hate lawyers—can't abide them; they think themselves so vastly clever, there is no speaking one's sentiments before them; besides there is a bit of a coolness between the advocate-general and myself, ever since I gave him such a *rappartee* as he won't forget, I warrant!"

"Oh, colonel, indeed!" said M'Visit, "let us hear it now; can't ye just?"

"Pray do," said Sir Andrew.

The request of the commander-in-chief could not be refused.

"Well then, ye shall have it gentlemen. It is nearly a year now since the meeting was held for to raise a *superscription* for the suffering Irish. Well, I am, thank God, Irish to the backbone; and so is Mr. Mackworth, though not so staunch an one as myself, I am thinking; however he went to the hall, and so did I. Wiffen, all attention, forgot to pass the wine. "Come, Mr. Wiffen sir, the wine," said Teddy; you have never read Martin Fowkes, I perceive;—he says in his first page, "If you don't drink yourself, recollect your neighbour may,"—ha! ha!" After enjoying his joke, he proceeded: "Well, where was I?—oh, at the town-hall, where I met Mr. Mackworth, Mr. Riddlesworth, and one or two more; it being early in the day, Mackworth, not being able to keep all he had to say when the hall should be full, commenced giving us his view of the case; upon which, says I, thank Heaven, Irishmen can live upon potatoes!"

"Do you know," said he, patting my shoulder, and folding his arms immediately afterwards, "do you know, my good sir, how long a potatoe takes to grow?"

"Not knowing to a day—"no, sir," says I, "I do not know."

"Ah, colonel," says he, "all you don't know, would make a very large book?"

"And all that you do know, sir," said I, "would make a very small one?—ha! ha! Was not that a hit for the advocate?"

With this quotation we take leave of 'the English in India'; which, though not altogether what we wished and expected to find it, is not without attractions for the lovers of light reading, and the admirers of portraits, not perhaps the less piquant because they approach to caricature.

Narrative of a Three Year's Residence in Italy, 1819—1822. With Illustrations of the present State of Religion in that Country. Post 8vo. pp. 364. London, 1828. Murray.

WITH this narrative is interwoven a domestic story of private and painful import, rather, we fear, too prominently exhibited, to ensure the attention or favour of the general reader. We allude to the memoir of a beloved child, whose patient and pious resignation, during protracted suffering, is affectingly described. To those who go the full length of the writer's religious feelings and peculiarities, this portion of these pages will, no doubt, be interesting; but we think we shall better consult the inclination of our readers by a miscellaneous extract or two, descriptive of the present state of Italian society. The work is in the epistolary form, and the twentieth letter is dated from Rome, Feb. 28, 1820.

Our walk this day was to see the mosaic manufacture in one of the buildings connected with the Vatican; where are also the prisons of the Inquisition. Our Cicerone was the children's drawing master, who appeared afraid to speak aloud as he pointed them out to us,

lest, as he said, he should be overheard by some lurking emissary of that infernal power, which yet works, though not to the same extent as formerly. Still some wretched prisoners groan out their melancholy days in these dark and dismal dungeons, even the exterior of which cannot be contemplated without horror. The prisons only are here: the councils of the Inquisition are held in a different part of the city.

In the lower rooms, belonging to the mosaic manufactory, there is a quantity of beautiful mosaic pavement to be repaired which was found at Tusculum. In the upper rooms are many splendid copies of the paintings of the old masters, which, by this immortalizing art, will be preserved for the admiration of remotest ages. Amongst these copies was one which particularly engaged my attention, the subject being a Jewish high priest in full dress, as described in the 28th chapter of Exodus. Many very beautiful mosaic tables were finished for sale, some of which were valued at 300 louis. The mosaic colours are arranged in glass cases in the nicest order, occupying several rooms. There are 18,000 shades.

Our next drive was to San Paolo fuori le Mura, one of the most ancient of the Christian churches. It was built by Constantine, and adorned with one hundred and twenty of the rarest marble and granite pillars, the spoil of ancient temples. Twenty-four of these beautiful fluted Corinthian columns, each formed of a single block of Pavonazzato marble bases and capitals of Parian marble, were taken from Adrian's mausoleum, which was said to have been the finest in the world.

In niches at the top, all round the church, are busts of all the popes who have ever reigned; about which there is an old prophecy, that when all the niches shall be filled, the papal power will be destroyed. There is room at present but for one or two.

The most superstitious legends gain implicit credit here, and are often related by persons who, it might be supposed, would have understanding and reflection to discover their absurdity. A few which I have just heard, I will write down while fresh in my memory, as you may probably never have imagined that rational creatures, professing the Christian religion, could be so led away from the simple truth, as it is in Jesus, as to believe them. He certainly never delegated power to his followers to perform miracles which could not possibly tend to any good purpose, such as, a blacksmith (being a saint) to save himself trouble, taking off the legs of the horses, that he might more conveniently shoe them at his forge; and that being performed, dexterously screwing them on again. Again, they very seriously tell you, that at the Ara Celi, there is a little wooden image of a child, to represent the infant Saviour, which was painted by the Virgin Mary, who descended for the purpose, from her ethereal abode, when the carpenter had finished his part of the work. Miraculous powers are attributed to this little figure, such as the cure of many diseases. One lady, in particular, applied to it in behalf of her child, who was seized with some desperate malady, the cure of which made her eagerly desire to have in her own possession a treasure of such inestimable value. She caused to be made so accurate an imitation, that the nicest observer could not distinguish the difference, and she secretly substituted the one for the other. But that very night the sleeping monks were roused from their slumbers, by the violent peels of the convent bells, and loud knocking at the outer gate, which opened of itself, and discovered the little wooden image, who requested that the usurper might be deposed, and itself be restored.

* This church has since been burned down.

Just under our windows in the Corso, the punishment called caraletto was inflicted on a shoe-black, for having committed some dire offence against the valet of a cardinal. A kind of stage was first erected, upon which was a chair without a back, across which the delinquent was made to bend forward, and while a man held down his hands, he underwent flagellation; after this, his feet were loosed from the stocks in which they had been placed, and he was permitted to walk down the steps, but no farther, when he was again seized by the soldiers, who fastened a board upon his breast, on which was printed his crime, in large characters; and his hands being previously tied behind his back, he was placed on an ass, and conducted through the streets.

I remarked, some days ago, to an intelligent Italian lady, who instructs the children, that I had never observed in any place so many deformed and dwarfish persons as at Rome, which I attributed to the swaddling clothes, in which miserable infants are bound from the moment of their birth, with an amazing quantity of bandages, which I have been told are never unbound more than once in the twenty-four hours. She answered that this was the cause, together with a degree of carelessness evinced by the mothers, which would scarcely be credited by those who have no opportunity of witnessing it. She told me that, in consequence, many children born strong and healthy soon pine away; and, when death puts a period to their misery, the mother in general evinces no feeling; but with the most perfect indifference exclaims, "Sono andati a Paradiso!" If a strong constitution enables them to drag on their existence, they have no sooner acquired the use of their limbs, and their tongue, than they are sent out to beg, for no other means of subsistence will be granted them. Formerly, she added, these evils were in a measure remedied by the interference of government, which allotted a yearly pension to the mother who produced the most healthy and thriving family. But since that law has been abrogated, neglect and cruel treatment of children are become inveterate habits.

Signora G—— related many more customs and habits, relative to the several classes of society, which give a sad picture of the depravity of manners here, particularly among the priests.

Mr. —, who, from his long residence here, is well acquainted with the state of Italian society, in which he mixes more than the English do in general, comes to us frequently of an evening, with many an amusing anecdote. A Roman lady of distinction, jestingly invited him to be her cavaliere servente; he said, that he must be made acquainted with the duties of one, before he entered into an engagement. She answered, that the business of a cavaliere servente, in the first place, was to be at the door of his lady in the morning, as soon as her night's repose was at an end, to inquire after her health; to be ready to attend her toilette; in case she dropped her pincushion or gloves, to pick them up; to read to her when she reclined on a sofa; to drive out with her in the carriage; to accompany her to the conversazione, and the theatre; to exert himself to find out amusement for her all the day; to carry her fan, and nurse her lap dog, &c. Mr. — answered, that these employments would never suit an Englishman; he must therefore decline the honour which she proposed. He gave us a ludicrous account of the ignorance of an Italian Signora, at whose house he was, at a conversazione, a few evenings ago. Marquis C—— said, in her hearing, that the Conde de F—— being sent by the king of Portugal from the Brazils, on an embassy to the pope, to congratulate him on his restoration from his

exile and captivity under Bonaparte, found, on being presented to his holiness, that he had forgotten his credentials; "but," added the marquis, "luckily he had only left them at the Farnese palace, had it been at the Brazils, months must have elapsed before he could have performed his embassy." "You astonish me," cried the signora, "I had no idea that Corsica could be so distant; are not the Brazils part of Corsica?" "No, signora," answered the marquis (with a gravity which, at least, an Irishman could hardly have commanded,) "The Brazils are in America." "America! and where is America?" "America is the new world." "Is there a new world?" "Yes, surely, discovered by Christopher Columbus." "O che bella novita!" And she called aloud to the company to announce the wonderful intelligence. "A new world is discovered by Christopher Columbus, and an ambassador has been sent to congratulate the pope." "From whom have you heard this?" exclaimed different voices, "Eccole," cried the signora, directing every eye to the marquis, as she said, "Signore, Marchese, le prego mi dica da chi l'ha inteso?" "Dal mio nonno," answered the marquis, "ed il mio nonno l'ha inteso dal nonno suo."

Some of the nobility, when reduced in their circumstances, think it no degradation to go about soliciting alms; and will thankfully receive the smallest contribution. Count G., accompanied by his daughter the contessa, were announced to Mr. — as visitors. He received them with pleasure, recollecting the name as belonging to an ancient Roman family. After some conversation, the count told Mr. —, that the mere ceremony of a visit was not what he had in view, but to ask some relief for his distressed family. Mr. — answered, that he had had so many demands upon him lately of the same nature, that he could contribute little, but that if he would accept of a crown, it was at his service. The count received it, and to testify his gratitude, ordered the young contessa, who was a very pretty girl, to kiss the hand of the *Signore Inglese*. In a few days they repeated their visit, with the same story of distress. They received another crown, for which the same acknowledgment was given. Pleased with their success, in a very short time the young lady returned without her father, to whom Mr. —, again giving a crown, said, that any farther application would be unnecessary, as he could give no more.

In an interesting letter from Pisa, we find a rather unfavourable estimate of the beauty of Italian females:

"I expected much more beauty than I have seen amongst the women of Italy. Many of them, however, are interesting in their appearance; fine dark eyes and eye-lashes, and an intelligent countenance, prevent their being deemed ugly; but, in general, there is a want of feminine softness; they scream in a guttural discordant voice when speaking; their clothes, particularly in the morning, seem hung on them; and their great gold ornaments render their dirty untidy appearance more conspicuous. Their motions are all hurried; exactly the opposite of that beautiful description which you and I have read together, and have so much admired, of what women ought to be. I asked our Italian master why the females here screamed so loud while the men spoke in a moderate and not displeasing accent? he said, because the women are "si orgogliose," and "si piene di rabbia." You would have laughed if you had seen the action which accompanied his words. He shook his head, and made a grimace, to intimate the angry spirits which the women manifest."

We conclude with a few paragraphs from the same letter:

'In the ground-floor of all the houses are the shops, for the Italians never think of inhabiting that part of their dwellings. Under us is our shoemaker and grocer, who is also an apothecary, and sells, indeed, almost every needful article.

'The baths of Lucca was the favourite summer abode of the family of Bonaparte; his sister was, for ten years, sovereign of this whole district. Her palace stands in a beautiful and commanding situation. It is not large, but the stables are magnificent, containing stalls for sixty horses. The people there do not love her memory; they had before paid no taxes, being, like Switzerland, a free state, until she levied eighteen per cent. on all the property; and the Emperor of Austria, their present sovereign, takes advantage of all her impositions.

'Nature has done much for Italy; and Eustace's observation is true, that no one can be disappointed let expectation be raised ever so high. The people here, however, are very much our inferiors in many of the common arts of life. It seems strange, that as they appear to be guided by the very hand of taste in statuary, painting, poetry, and every thing belonging to the fine arts, they yet cannot make tolerably a common knife, a pair of tongs, or snuffers, a needle, or even a pin; the implements, with which we are supplied in their place, are quite laughable.

'One evening we directed our steps towards the top of a mountain, which we had not hitherto traversed, and were nearly three miles from our dwelling, when a wild-looking woman ran after us with the greatest expressions of joy at seeing us. She said that she was our butter woman, and that we must go into her house. I asked her to let us see how she made her butter. An old woman sat with a small earthen bowl in her lap, which contained some thick cream; this she beat with a wooden spoon, as our cooks beat eggs. When the butter "came," she squeezed out the whey with the back of the same spoon. It is then formed into a shape for the market, where it is sold, some very bad, some as good as we have it at home. When the milk is skimmed, they make, every day, little fresh cheeses; and boil the whey, in order to collect the curds, which was a favourite dish at our table.

'The rents are all paid in kind; the half of every thing belonging to the landlord. A woman said to me, that if Heaven had not given them the springs of warm water, which brought such a concourse of strangers in summer, the people would die of hunger.

'There is a very good theatre, to which comedians come from Florence in the season; but in the winter the peasants act themselves, and, we were told, have very handsome dresses for the purpose. It is the custom for every body to visit every body; consequently, you may be very gay if you wish.

'The week before Easter, our house was blessed by the rector of the parish, who first asked us whether it were a custom amongst us to have our houses blessed at this time of the year; we answered, that it was not. He said it was his duty to bless every house in the parish; but, if it gave offence, he would omit ours. We assured him to the contrary; that we considered the blessing of a good man a good thing, and we should gladly receive it. The next day our landlord's wife came to ask the same question, saying, if we objected, it should not be done; at the same time her manner showed that she would have thought her house in great danger if we refused; which, of course, we did not.

'The day following, the rector arrived, dressed in a little white cassock over his black clothes, accompanied by an inferior priest, in the same costume, by way of an attendant.

The former pronounced the blessing in the name of the Trinity, on the house and its inhabitants, and repeated the same ceremony up stairs and down stairs, in every hole and corner. The sequel of the story is, that every house makes a small offering; the poor, of eggs; the more genteel, of chocolate; as we wished to be considered of the latter class, we presented him with a pound of it. He became our firm friend and daily visitor.'

Confessions of an Old Maid. 3 vols. post 8vo. London, 1828. Colburn.

THERE is more talent than taste in these volumes, and the capabilities they display make us sincerely sorry for their misapplication. Though the writer exhibits none of the tact and delicacy requisite for the analysis of complicated feelings and contracted sympathies, he could, we think, produce an agreeable work in the lighter and more superficial style of fictitious composition, for he is evidently of an observant and sarcastic turn, and when more fortunate in his choice of subject, would know how to interest and amuse. We subjoin a brief specimen of the style of these 'Confessions.'

'A Retrospect of the Spring-time of Life.—Sprightly as I may be even at this certain age at which I have arrived, yet little do I appear so, in comparison with the light-hearted thing I once was, when the tide of animal spirits was at its height, when the happy season of life was its fifteenth summer—when no foot mounted the hill-side more nimbly than my own, or brushed away its dews more lightly—when there was none of all my contemporaries whose locks wanted more gracefully in the breeze, whose voice was softer or more musical—whose eye was more arch and sparkling—who was more animated in the dance, gayer at the festival, more engaging in the domestic circle—more cheerfully content when roaming whither happy thoughtlessness may lead, through verdant meadows, or shady coppices, culling the violet at the tree's foot, where it shrunk concealed in the wet mosses and wild ivy . . . None was there more devoted to the elegant indulgences of the mind; more sincere in the worship of genius, more sensible of the enchantments of poetry, the harmony of measure; more awed too by the precepts of wisdom: none either, whose heart was more alive to the voice of affection, the sympathies of friendship, the sacred sensibilities of charity.

'That the retrospect of this happiest period of life should affect me, is natural: I view it with sensations similar to those produced by the contemplation of a far-stretching and sunny landscape, whether witnessed in the face of nature's wide portraiture, or in the magic imitations of a Claude,—which binds us long to the spot, to linger over its beauties; and awakens in the soul a tranquil regret when we have at last prevailed on ourselves to quit it!

'I had not yet made acquaintance with the world; my knowledge of society was confined to the circle of my own family; I was acquainted with none but domestic scenes, and the intercourse of relatives and friends. I was free as a deer, in inclination and in limb, to indulge in what innocent pursuits I liked; at what times I liked; and to wander about as the waywardness of my fancy prompted me. When I state this, I think it will scarcely be wondered at that my character should have imbibed a spirit of romance, even had it not been natural to me,—which it was.

'My sisters were smiling on me, and bidding me look forward to the new scenes of gaiety to which I should soon accompany them, to balls more crowded than those at my father's

mansion; to dinners, concerts, and assemblies. My heart was panting for the hour when I was to be "out," as it is called. The anxiety about my appearance, which at a more advanced period of my life may be viewed with ridicule or censure, was now excusable; my vanity was puzzling itself in what dress I should make my first appearance. Though it may appear childish, yet I cannot help remembering how much my fancy had been taken with a pair of blue satin shoes, with filigree work below the instep, which one of my sisters had; and which was just at that time in fashion: nor have I forgotten the delight with which I tried on a pair that had been made for me after their model. A portion of every day was devoted to arranging my hair in the manner which would show off the prevailing fashion with the greatest becomingness. Such and such a curl was again and again placed and replaced a little forwarder or more backward, a little higher or lower, as my fanciful doubts alternately suggested. My glass was repeatedly consulted as to my looks, my countenance, my complexion, my carriage; with difficulty could I quit my station before it; if I did, it was to observe with what grace of step and air I could recede, and then so satisfied was I with myself, that I could not forbear coming close up to it again, to renew the satisfaction of seeing myself again recede from it. At last, when I tore myself away, my head was still thrown back to catch a glimpse of the elegance I had been studying, and the graces which I hoped would challenge remark.

'Let any girl, with the prospect of just "coming out" to be criticised and examined, ask herself if she does not indulge in the same little vanities I have confessed of myself at that period? If she be handsome, to anticipate the admiration which her beauties will elicit; if she be *not* handsome, in order to endeavour to set off her appearance by the most effective arrangement she can adopt.'

Travels in America and Italy. By VISCOUNT CHATEAUBRIAND. 8vo. pp. 829. London, 1828. Colburn.

THIS new portion of the complete works of Chateaubriand, contains first the voyage to America, which was the original source of the author's brilliant inspirations, and which, undertaken for the purpose of discovering a north-west passage, instead of giving a rival to Parry gave an equal to Byron; secondly, the travels in Italy, of which the letter written from Rome to M. de Fontanes, and some passages relative to Vesuvius were all that the public were acquainted with; thirdly, a little work equally unknown, entitled *Five Days in Auvergne*; fourthly, the journey to Mont Blanc, which first appeared in 1806; and an admirable preface, in which the author gives a rapid sketch of the history of travels, shows the state of geographical science at the time he is writing, and renders homage to the modern travellers. Parry, Franklin, Weddel, Clapperton, Duperry, &c. not forgetting the intrepid M. Beltrami, from whom he takes many details relative to the discovery of the sources of the Mississippi, and also borrows from his works several passages equally curious and eloquent.

It was in the spring of 1791, that M. Chateaubriand, having abandoned the trade of arms, embarked at St. Malo, for the United States of America, which he was nearly prevented reaching by a fatal accident:

'The heat was oppressive; the ship, in a dead calm, without sails, and overloaded by her masts, was tossed by the swell. Scorching

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on the deck, and tired of the motion, I determined to bathe; and though we had no boat out, I threw myself from the bowsprit into the sea. All went on well at first, and several of the passengers followed my example. I swam about without taking any notice of the ship; but, on turning my head, I perceived that the current had already carried her to a considerable distance. The crew had hastened upon deck, and veered a small cable to the other swimmers. Sharks appeared about the ship, and muskets were fired at them from on board, for the purpose of scaring them away. The swell was so great as to delay my return and to exhaust my strength. I had an abyss beneath me, and the sharks were liable every moment to deprive me of an arm or a leg. The crew bestirred themselves to hoist out a boat, but were first obliged to set up a pulley, and this operation took considerable time.

By the greatest good fortune an almost insensible breeze sprang up; the ship, moving a little, approached me; I seized the end of the rope, but my companions in temerity were clinging to it, and when we were drawn to the side of the ship, they bore with all their weight upon me, as I was at the extremity of the file. We were thus fished up one by one, which took a considerable time. The swell continued and at each roll of the ship we were plunged ten or a dozen feet in the water, or suspended the same height in the air, like fishes at the end of a line. At the last immersion I was on the point of swooning; another roll and it would have been all over with me. At length I was hoisted, half dead, upon the deck; had I been drowned it would have been a good riddance for myself and others.

Some days after this accident, the vessel comes within sight of land, and gains the port of Baltimore, whence Chateaubriand shortly sets out for Philadelphia, which he finds dull and monotonous, and this makes him say,—

“The United States excite rather the idea of a colony than of a mother country: you there find usages rather than manners. You are sensible that the inhabitants are not natives of the soil: that society, so fair in the present, has no past; the towns are new, the tombs are of yesterday. This it was which led me to observe, in *The Natchez*: “The Europeans had as yet no tombs in America when they had already dungeons there. These were the only monuments of the past for that society without ancestors and without recollections.”

“There is nothing old in America excepting the woods, the offspring of the soil and of liberty, the mother of all human society; these are certainly an equivalent for monuments and ancestors.”

He had letters of recommendation to Washington, whose simplicity and benevolence he thus describes:—

“A small house in the English style, resembling the neighbouring houses, was the palace of the President of the United States: no guards, nor even footmen. I knocked: a servant-girl opened the door. I inquired if the general was at home; she answered, that he was. I replied, that I had a letter to deliver to him. The girl asked me my name, which is difficult of pronunciation for an English tongue, and which she could not retain. She then said, mildly, “walk in, sir” and conducting me down one of those long narrow passages, which serve for lobbies to English houses, she ushered me into a parlour, where she requested me to wait for the general.

“I was not agitated. Neither greatness of soul, nor superiority of fortune, overawes me; I admire the former without being overwhelmed by it; the latter excites in me more pity

than respect. The face of man will never daunt me.

“In a few minutes the general entered. He was a man of tall stature, with a calm and cold rather than noble air; the likeness is well preserved in the engravings of him. I delivered my letter in silence; he opened it, and turned to the signature, which he read aloud, with exclamation, “Colonel Armand!” for thus he called, and thus the letter was signed by, the Marquis de la Rouairie.

“We sat down; I explained to him, as well as I could, the motive of my voyage. He answered me in French or English monosyllables, and listened to me with a sort of astonishment. I perceived it, and said with some emphasis, “But it is less difficult to discover the north-west passage than to create a nation as you have done.” “Well, well, young man!” cried he, giving me his hand. He invited me to dine with him the following day, and we parted.

“I was exact to the appointment. The conversation turned almost entirely on the French revolution. The general showed us a key of the Bastille; those keys of the Bastille were but silly playthings which were about that time distributed over the two worlds. Had Washington seen, like me, the conquerors of the Bastille in the kennels of Paris, he would have had less faith in his relic. The gravity and the energy of the revolution were not in those sanguinary orgies. At the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, in 1685, the same populace of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine demolished the Protestant church at Charenton with as much zeal as it despoiled the church of St-Denis, in 1793.

I left my host at ten in the evening, and never saw him again; he set out for the country the following day, and I continued my journey.

“Such was my interview with that man who gave liberty to a whole world. Washington sunk into the tomb before any little celebrity had attached to my name. I passed before him as the most unknown of beings; he was in all his glory, I in the depth of my obscurity. My name probably dwelt not a whole day in his memory. Happy, however, that his looks were cast upon me! I have felt myself warmed for it all the rest of my life. There is a virtue in the looks of a great man.”

Chateaubriand quitted Philadelphia, went to New York, took the packet-boat, and arrived at Albany, by going up the Hudson river, and plunges into the ancient cantons of the six Iroquois nations. Here he meets with one of his countrymen, M. Violet, who acts as dancing-master to the savages:—

“His lessons were paid in beaver skins and bears’ hams. In the midst of a forest appeared a sort of barn; in this barn I found a score of savages, male and female, bedaubed like conjurers, their bodies half bare, their ears slashed, with raven’s feathers on their heads, and rings passed through their nostrils. A little Frenchman, powdered and frizzed in the old fashion, in a pea-green coat, a drugged waistcoat, and muslin frill and ruffles, was scraping away on his kit, and making the Iroquois caper to the tune of *Madelon Friquet*. In speaking of the Indians, M. Violet always said, *Ces messieurs sauvages*, and *ces dames sauvages*. He highly extolled the agility of his scholars; in fact, I never witnessed such gambols. M. Violet, holding his kit between his chin and his chest, tuned the important instrument; he cried out in Iroquois—to your places! and the whole company fell a capering like a band of demons.”

Quitting his dancing-master, he goes still farther among the savages, whose manners he

describes, and of whom he gives us some very interesting accounts. He next visits the cataract of Niagara, where he is again in danger of perishing:—

“At the fall of Niagara, the Indian ladder which was formerly there being broken, I resolved, in spite of the remonstrances of my guide, to venture upon the descent to the bottom of the cataract by a peaked rock two hundred feet in height. Notwithstanding the roaring of the fall and the tremendous abyss which boiled below me, I was not at all dizzy, and arrived within forty feet of the bottom. Here the smooth and vertical rock presented neither root nor cleft for a footing. I remained suspended at full length by my hands, unable either to get up or down; I felt my fingers, tired of supporting the weight of my body, ready to give way, and inevitable death stared me in the face. Few men have in their lives passed two such minutes as I then numbered, hanging over the abyss of Niagara. At length my hands opened, and I fell. By the most unparalleled good fortune, I found myself on the solid rock, where I should have expected to be dashed into a thousand pieces, and yet I did not feel much hurt. I was within half an inch of the abyss, and had not rolled into it; but when the cold from the water began to penetrate me, I perceived that I had not come off so well as I had at first imagined. I felt an insupportable pain in my left arm; I had broken it below the elbow. My guide, who was looking at me from above, and to whom I made a sign, ran and fetched some savages, who, with great difficulty, drew me up with ropes of birch bark, and carried me to their habitation.

“This was not the only risk that I ran at Niagara; on my arrival, I had repaired to the fall, having the bridle of my horse twisted round my arm. While I was stooping to look down, a rattle-snake stirred among the neighbouring bushes; the horse was startled, reared, and ran back towards the abyss. I could not disengage my arm from the bridle, and the horse, more and more frightened, dragged me after him. His fore-legs were all but off the ground, and squatting on the brink of the precipice, he was upheld merely by the bridle. I gave myself up for lost, when the animal, himself astonished at this new danger, made a fresh effort, threw himself forward with a pirouette, and sprang to the distance of ten feet from the edge of the abyss.”

M. de Chateaubriand’s guide refusing to go beyond Niagara, our traveller makes a new bargain with some Canadians, under whose guidance he visits the lakes of Canada and the country of the Natchez, of which he gives us a delightful description, but one which is far from being correct, if we are to believe *The Pilgrimage in America*, by M. Beltrami, who visited the same places in 1823.

M. de Chateaubriand did not proceed farther than the country of the Creeks; it is at Apalachicola, the city of peace, situated on the river Chata-Uche, that he concludes his travels. The rest of the first volume, and a portion of the second, are occupied with details respecting the manners and customs of the Indians, and the various animals which share with them the vast solitudes of the New World. Perhaps, in a second article, we may notice that portion of M. de Chateaubriand’s work which relates to Italy.

Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs. By J. CRADOCK, Esq. M. A. F. S. A. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. J. B. Nichols.

OUR copious and favourable reviews of the portion of this work which appeared previous to the decease of Mr. Cradock, relieve

us from the necessity of entering into any description of its character and contents. In its completed state, we are indebted to Mr. Nichols, the editor, for much additional matter, and for a very full biographical sketch of the author. A few miscellaneous extracts from the fourth volume, will direct the attention of our readers to the mass of anecdotal treasures furnished by these literary memoirs.

Isaac Hawkins Browne—I had the honour of being introduced to Mr. Hawkins Browne, at Bath, at a very early period of life. It is so long since that I only recollect that Quin then resided there, and that, through Mr. Hawkins Browne, I had the honour to act Romeo to Miss Cavendish's Juliet.

Quin's manner of reciting tragedy was stiff and laboured. Garrick justly said, "I don't like the hard manner of a certain actor. Quin can find many words on which to lay an emphasis, where I can find none. I speak as distinctly as I can; as in Richard:—

"Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths."

"Those actors that do not imitate Quin, have now frequently a bow-wow manner," as he well exemplified in some of his own performers; however, Quin having given his Majesty instructions, was at that time much in vogue.

Garrick, in Richard, gave a fine example of emphasis.

R. (to the attendant.) "Have you seen Ann my wife?"

Answer. "My lord, she is exceeding ill."

R. "Has my physician seen her? She'll mend shortly."

Answer. "I hope, my lord, she will."

R. (aside.) "And if she does, I have mistook my man."

Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Cibber both spoke as accurately as Garrick, through his instruction.

Mr. Hawkins Browne made himself well known by his fine Latin poem *De Immortalitate Animi*, which has been translated into blank verse, as well as rhyme, with great taste and skill. He married, early in life, Miss Trimnell of Lincoln, and wrote an epithalamium on that marriage.

Of a personage who stood yet more prominently in the public eye, we meet with these particulars:

Mrs. Susannah Maria Cibber.—Some urged, Mrs. Cibber was not adapted to comedy; but who would have approved any other Lady Brute? Mrs. Abington was made for Lady Fanciful. Oh! how perfectly was that comedy (though rather *trop libre*) at that time performed!

I have alluded to my first knowing Mrs. Cibber at Scarborough, where her elegant manners introduced her into the best company; but on a Sunday evening, at the great tea-drinking in the rooms, Mrs. Terriek, who presided, addressed the company on the impropriety of Mrs. Cibber being admitted to the table. This made an immediate uproar, some for the bishop's lady, but more for the well-behaved actress; however, I think Mrs. Cibber offered to retire. Whilst at Scarborough she sat for her picture to a London artist, in the character of Calista, in the last act: it was a most excellent likeness. I never was in Mrs. Cibber's company afterwards; but recollect seeing her, with wonder, in Lady Constance; Garrick was King John, though originally he played Faulconbridge. At night (this I had from Tom Davies) the house was electrified when she threw herself upon the ground in agony, and exclaimed: "Here I and Sorrow sit; let kings come kneel to me."

Even Garrick expressed his astonishment, and said he was not aware of her powers. As she

came off, the performers almost took her up in their arms; and, indeed, I know that from that time Mr. Colman expressed the highest approbation of her. To me every thing Mrs. Cibber said, on or off the stage, was charming. Though she looked young only when well made up, yet she played Juliet to an enraptured house, and still more extraordinary, Celia, in the *School for Lovers*. Mr. William Whitehead asked Mr. Garrick whether, according to custom, the first-rate characters should be offered to the first actress, or whether Mrs. Cibber would consider it an affront; and I recollect Garrick replying, "Nay, I don't know—how old is your Celia? our Juliet we make eighteen in our colder climate; Shakspeare made her only fourteen in Italy." However, Mrs. Cibber, who had retired once, if not more, accepted the character, and, indeed, carried the play through triumphantly. Afterwards I met, at Lady Craven's, at Coombe, Mrs. Burton, the wife of the respectable clergyman of Benham, in Berkshire, where Lord Craven frequently resided. In the evening she recognized me, and observed that, in early life, she was generally, in the summer, at Scarborough with her mother, Mrs. Cibber. Mrs. Burton was, though rather plain in person, extremely elegant in her manners, very sensible, and, in speaking, equal to her celebrated mother. We then had much pleasant conversation on the subject, and talked over old occurrences at Sir Noah Thomas's house there. She said that Sir Noah insisted on her mother going into the sea, though her terror of it was such, that it frequently occasioned fits, and she was certain it was not any ways beneficial. Mrs. Cibber died January 30, 1766.

Dr. Arne.—Dr. Arne married, in 1736, Miss Cecilia Young, a pupil of Geminiani, and a favourite singer of those times.

Dr. Arne had peculiar merit in adapting music to words. Handel, by not understanding the English language so well, sometimes divided the chords improperly, as "So shall desert—in arms be crown'd," instead of "shall desert in arms, be crown'd." However, he made ample amends soon afterwards in that correct recitative, "The mighty master smil'd to see:" surely, this is perfect.

After the commemoration of Handel, an "Arne Jubilee" was meditated by a party in London, and different parts of his works were selected by friends for the performance. Dr. Haydn spoke most highly of the duet in *Artaxerxes*, "For thee I live, my dearest." The doctor's niece, and her husband Mr. Bartholomew, preferred the air of his sacred music in the oratorio of *Judith*, beginning, "Be humble, suffering;" but a warm and foolish dispute, in which I was involved, took place at Mr. Garrick's house about a catch. After the grand installation of the knights of the garter at Windsor, a very expensive representation was brought out at both theatres. Mr. Garrick took his from a piece in Dodsley's *Collection*, with new music, which was opposed by Mr. Colman, by an altered *Masque* of Ben Jonson's, set with new music by Dr. Arne. After the first representation of the latter, I met a party of critics, who had given their previous opinion of the whole at Mr. Garrick's, in Southampton Street. I spoke freely just what I thought, that many parts possessed great merit, and specified Arne's catch of "Buzz, quoth the Blue Fly," which I thought most beautiful. This I found was directly contrary to what one of the company had asserted, perhaps from having been brought out at the opposite theatre, and he was personally rude. I adhered to my opinion, and said I would refer the dispute to the decision of the Catch Club, which I did, and an answer was given in my favour. At that time catches and glees were much in

fashion. I had manufactured the following glee with Webb, at Hinchinbroke, which was honoured with the ten guinea prize medal:

"You gave me your heart t'other day,
I thought it as safe as my own:
I've not lost it, but what can I say:
Not your's from mine can be known."

And the Rev. Mr. Jenner obtained a prize for his music to some words of Congreve, "Ancient Phillis has new graces." All were performed at Lord Sandwich's Christmas entertainments. There was a serious consequence at the theatre, which I much regretted. It was the death of Dahl, the ingenious and industrious scene-painter of Covent Garden. By his great exertions during a very hot summer, to complete the representation of St. George's Chapel, which he finished almost entirely himself, he got a fever, and soon after left a wife and several children almost destitute. However, to the credit of the patentees, they contributed liberally to their support.

There are some lively descriptive touches of Lord Sandwich and his associates:—

At Lord Sandwich's table, in town, I frequently met Dr. Burney. An awkward embarrassment once occurred, from Lord Sandwich's asking Dr. Burney (not knowing that it was a ridicule,) whether he had read some new musical travels by Mr. Collyer, as advertised in the papers. These were the ludicrous travels by Joel Collyer, which, I believe, Lord Sandwich afterwards conceived, as well as others, to be written by Mr. Soame Jennings. However, at the death of that gentleman, to the surprise of the public, they were not inserted in the list of his works by Mr. Cadell: the real author has since been announced.

At the Admiralty, when Mr. Durand made one of the company, there had been a long consultation with Mr. Bates, concerning some stores at Deptford; and a day was fixed for Lord Sandwich to go to Woolwich in the admiralty barge, and afterwards partake of an occasional dinner, under an awning near the storehouse at Deptford. The business was to visit first the Duke of Grafton East Indiaman, on its return from the East Indies. Lord Sandwich said to me; "Craddock, you shall go with me; Miss Ray shall meet us in the coach; and we will all pass the evening at Vauxhall, which I have not seen for several years." All this was agreed upon. We were ready to embark very early at Westminster Bridge, when a letter was suddenly delivered to Lord Sandwich, requiring his attendance at a privy council. After debating with himself what was best to be done at such a crisis, he said: "This visit is chiefly a matter of fees and ceremony, and, Craddock, I shall make you my deputy; here are all the directions, for I am obliged to return, and as every thing is ready no time must now be lost." I replied, "My lord, if my life were at stake, I would not undertake such an office."—"But," said he, "I must particularly request it; I will dispatch a boat with a letter to apprise the officers on board. Here are the necessary papers to look over on your excursion; this will make me easy, and I am responsible for all consequences." I alone embarked in the admiralty barge, and was followed by the royal band, which immediately struck up, the bells rang, and the cannons fired, and before I had passed the tower, I was completely enveloped in smoke, which greatly relieved me, for it principally occurred to me that my mock dignity would be made the subject of ridicule in the newspapers. However, all passed off well, and no other account appeared but that of a grand visit paid to the Duke of Grafton East Indiaman, lying off Woolwich, where a most magnificent treat was given the day before to Lord Sandwich, as first lord of the admiralty. I was received on board

with every mark of respect due to the principal; the upper-deck was fitted out with even eastern magnificence; there were elephants on board with scarlet cloth coverings, and gold-laced trimmings; the table was most elegantly covered with costly delicacies, exquisite liqueurs and wines of the choicest sorts; several toasts were drank, and as I found some lengthened grateful reply would be expected from the deputy, I thought it necessary to fortify myself for the experiment. It was a cold Easter-Tuesday, and I was not clothed properly for such a water excursion; Lord Sandwich would not have put on a surtout had it been Christmas; but he was cased in iron; yet he could equally bear heat. Every thing that passed on board was beyond measure flattering; and after several three times three" had been given, I felt encouraged to dash off in a style "that had not been set down for me," but which I found would be acceptable. I threw out various encomiums on the government, the East India Company, and the first lord of the admiralty; and when I thought of all afterwards, I was only astonished at my own courage and impudence. However, a boat was sent off before me to Lord Sandwich, and every encomium was lavished upon me for my efforts. On my arrival at Deptford it was low water, but the sailors had erected a temporary staircase, for the ascent was very considerable to the terrace. Lord Sandwich, Miss Ray, and another lady, with Mr. Bates, had arrived in a carriage. The dinner, instead of being plain for Lord Sandwich, consisted of nothing but was rare and expensive, for money was no object to Mr. Durand; but, though intended as respect, it was ill-judged; for his lordship did not wish such particulars should appear in print. There were at the second course birds from France, solan goose from Scotland, and ruffs and rees fattened at Oundle, and I must add, that Mr. Durand had received a present of a rock cantaleupe melon, the largest that had ever been grown, it was supposed, in England, which Lord Sandwich earnestly entreated might not be cut, but reserved for some more public exhibition. At Vauxhall a box had been prepared; some musical friends met us; and the evening of this to me most interesting day, terminated in catches and glees, in which Miss Ray principally partook with great spirit, and to the no small surprise of a large audience, who greatly admired, but could not make out who it was that sung so enchantingly. The ladies returned in the coach, and the first lord of the admiralty, with his deputy and one boatman, safely landed at Westminster Bridge.

We shall most probably enliven our columns with additional selections from these piquant little sketches; for the present, however, we conclude with an earnest recommendation of the entire work, as possessing greater and more various claims upon the attention of the public, than any similar production of this age of reminiscences and autobiographies.

CORRESPONDENCE OF LORD COLLINGWOOD.

(Continued from page 21.)

Nor the least interesting light in which this volume is to be considered, is that of an important and curious, though late, additional exposure of the corruption and selfishness that long characterized the home administration of naval affairs. To be at once a hero and a tool,—successful and a slave,—was the only passport to the favour of the Admiralty; and the spirits that happened, like those of a Nelson and a Collingwood, to be too honest and inflexible for the purposes of the sleek purveyors of promotion, must re-

sign itself to such indignities as are complained of in the following letter:—

'To Lord Barham.

'Queen, March 28, 1806.

'On the subject of the appointments, I hope your lordship will excuse my expressing my great disappointment that the only officer for whom I was particularly anxious, or whom I recommended to your lordship to be promoted, has been passed over unnoticed; and I can now say, what will scarcely be credited and what I am willing to believe your lordship is not aware of, that *I am the only commander in that fleet who has not had, by the courtesy of the Admiralty, an opportunity to advance one officer of any description.* The misfortune I had in losing two friends, in Captains Duff and Cooke, made it necessary that I should fill their places, which I did, as justice demanded, by promoting the first lieutenants of the Victory and Royal Sovereign. *My first lieutenant stands where I placed him, in the Weazle, covered with his wounds, while some of those serving in private ships are post captains.* Lieutenant Landless, the only person I recommended to your lordship, is an old and a valuable officer; he has followed me from ship to ship all the war. A complaint which he had in his eyes prevented his going into the Sovereign when I removed a few days before the action; but I did hope that my earnest recommendation to your lordship might have gained him favour. *My other lieutenant, who removed with me into the Sovereign, was, happily for him, killed in the action, and thereby saved from the mortification to which, otherwise, he would probably have been subjected.* The junior lieutenants who came out in the Sovereign were gentlemen totally unknown to me; and as I do not know their names, I cannot tell whether they are advanced or not. The commissions sent out to me for midshipmen of that ship I have returned to the Admiralty, as she is in England.

'I cannot help thinking that there must have been something in my conduct of which your lordship did not approve, and that you have marked your disapprobation by thus denying to my dependants and friends what was given so liberally to other ships of the fleet: for I have heard that the Defence and the Defiance had each of them two lieutenants promoted on the recommendation of their captains. If there was any thing incorrect in me, of which your lordship disapproved, I am truly sorry for it; but I am not conscious of what nature it can be, for my days and nights have been devoted to the service.

In the same earnest and unaffected strain are the complaints continued in a subsequent letter to his lady:—

'I have at last received your letters, and truly glad I am to hear that you are all well. The Pompée, Sir Sidney Smith, brought me all the papers, letters, and orders which have been accumulating at Portsmouth for four months past; and this neglect of sending them has caused such a mass of confusion, that I shall never get all made square again. The only thing I had to ask was, that Landless might be included in the promotion, and I wrote pressing to Lord Barham on the subject; but it is not done. And now I may say, that they have not made one officer for me, for I made Clavell into a death vacancy, with which the Admiralty had nothing to do. All the young men are applying to go home, having lost their promotion by staying here; and I am suffering as much mortification as possible. I am, besides, perplexed with having such a compound of various affairs to settle, am up sometimes half the night to make arrangements, and have not stirred from my desk these ten days, scarcely to see the sun. You inform me of letters of

congratulation from Newcastle, the Trinity House, and other bodies; but I am sorry to say I have not received one of them, and beg it may be made known; for there is nothing I fear so much as the appearance of tardiness in acknowledging the great kindness of my friends. *If they sent them to the Admiralty, I suppose they are there still. While fleets of small vessels were thumping each other to pieces at Plymouth, not one was allowed to bring us letters.*

Such was the high-minded punishment decreed to the heroic admiral, for having, as he expresses it in a letter to J. E. Blackett, Esq., 'always avoided having any connexion with the intrigues of statesmen.'

Continuing our miscellaneous extracts, we subjoin a letter to Lady Collingwood, dated Ocean, off the Dardanelles, August 20, 1807, which will be read with peculiar interest at the present moment:—

'My business here is of the most important nature, and I am exerting all my powers to derive good from it. My mind is upon the full stretch; for my body, I do not know much about it, more than that it is very feeble. We precipitated ourselves into this war without due consideration. We had no quarrel with the Turks, and a temperate conduct would have carried all our points. This is now seen, when it is too late; and I am afraid the measures we are taking to restore peace are not calculated to accomplish it. The Turks are kind, and take every opportunity of expressing their respect and friendship for the English nation: but while we make common cause with the Russians, their inveterate enemies, I am afraid they will not listen either to them or us.

'On the 9th I arrived at Tenedos, where I found the Russians employed in desolating the country. The island was inhabited by Greeks; and in an attempt which the Turks made to retake it from the Russians, they had put all the Greeks to death, who, desiring to be neutral, had not gone into the castle. On the Turks being repulsed, and quitting the island, the remaining Greeks who had been in the castle and the ships, abandoned their country, leaving their houses, their estates, vineyards laden with the fruits of their labour, and corn-fields with the abundant harvest ready for the sickle, to seek a habitation amongst strangers, as rich as they were on the day of their birth, and having nothing to take with them but their miseries. That the Turks may not at any future period profit by what they left, the Russians have burnt every thing, making a complete ruin.

'Having made my arrangement with the Russian admiral, the two squadrons sailed; but our friends were not in sight when on the 13th we stood close in with the castles of the Dardanelles. It was not possible for us to get in, though the Turks thought we meant to attempt it. When we were very near, they put out flags of truce from all quarters, and a capagi bashi, (a sort of lord chamberlain of the seraglio), came off to me with letters to the ambassador of a pacific import; and had we only ourselves to treat for, I believe there would be few impediments, but as it is, I am not sanguine. I gave him coffee, sherbet, and smoked a pipe with him. The day after, the answer was sent to them by the dragoman. The ship that carried it anchored in the port, and the captain was invited to dine with the capitan pacha, who is the lord high admiral. There were only five at table; the capitan pacha, the pacha of the Dardanelles, my friend the capagi bashi, with beards down to their girdles, Captain Henry, and the dragoman. There were neither plates nor knives and forks, but each had a tortoise-shell spoon. In the middle of the table was a rich embroidered cushion, on which was a large gold salver, and every dish,

to the number of about forty, was brought in singly, and placed upon the salver, when the company helped themselves with their fingers, or, if it was fricassée, with their spoon. One of the dishes was a roasted lamb, stuffed with a pudding of rice: the captain pacha took it by the limbs, and tore it to pieces to help his guests; so that you see the art of carving has not arrived at any great perfection in Turkey. The coffee cups were of beautiful china, which, instead of saucers, were inserted in gold stands like egg cups, set round with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. They drank only water, and were waited on by the vice and rear admirals, and some of the captains of the fleet. They spoke lightly of the Russians when they mentioned them at all, and seemed to consider themselves as quite a match for them, if the English were out of the way. When our gentlemen left them, the pacha of the Dardanelles presented them each with a shawl, which is considered as a token of friendship. I think a specimen of manners so unlike those of Europeans will amuse you. I live here poorly enough, getting nothing but bad sheep and a few chickens; but that does not offend me—I have written to Mrs —, to charge her not to make our girls fine ladies, which are as troublesome animals as any in the creation, but to give them knowledge and industry, and teach them how to take care of themselves when there is none left in this world to take care of them; for I think, my dear, you and I cannot last much longer. How glad I should be, could I receive a letter from you, to hear how all my friends are! for I think the more distant they are, the more dear they become to me. We never estimate the true value of any thing until we feel the want of it, and I am sure I have had time enough to estimate the value of my friends. The more I see of the world, the less I like it. You may depend on it that old Scott is a much happier man than if he had been born a statesman, and has done more good in his day than most of them. Robes and furred gowns veil passions, vanities, and sordid interests, that Scott never knew.

‘I am much afraid we shall never do any good in concert with the Russians; they hate the Turks, and the Turks detest them, which neither party is at any trouble to conceal. The Turks like us, and I am afraid the Russians are a little jealous of us. Conceive, then, how difficult a part I have to act amongst them; and what mortifies me is, that I see little hope of good from all my cares. To give you an idea of the Turkish style of letters to the Russians, the captain pacha begins one to the Admiral Sinavin, by telling him, “After proper inquiries for your health, we must observe to you, in a friendly way, what yourself must know, that to lie is forbidden by all religions. Your friend should not receive a falsehood from you, nor can he be a friend who would offer one.” In a sort of battle they have had, the Turks accused the Russians of something contrary to the received law of nations, which the Russian denied to be the case; and the Turk tells him, that his religion forbids him to lie. I am much disappointed in the appearance of these Greek islands; they are, for the most part, thinly inhabited, and but a small portion of the land is cultivated. It always blows strong, and there is sunshine in abundance. Cattle are not plentiful, but money is still more scarce; and we buy a bullock for less than £3. when they are to be got, and exchange the hide for three sheep. A sheep, when fat, weighs about 20lb. Of all climates and countries under the sun to live in comfort, there is none like England.’

Writing to the same, towards the conclusion of 1808, he presents us with a striking instance of the humility and conscientious-

ness with which all his important labours were performed:—

‘It is a great satisfaction to me to find that every thing I have done has been approved by government; and the letters I receive from the secretary of state always communicate to me his majesty’s entire approbation. I have heard from the governor of Cadiz and others, that some of my papers, addressed to the junta of Seville, on the conduct which the Spaniards ought to pursue on certain occasions, have been very much commended. Perhaps you may think I am grown very conceited in my old age, and fancy myself a mighty politician; but indeed it is not so. However lofty a tone the subject may require and my language assume, I assure you it is in great humility of heart that I utter it, and often in fear and trembling, lest I should exceed my bounds. This must always be the case with one who, like me, has been occupied in studies so remote from such business. I do every thing for myself, and never distract my mind with other people’s opinions. To the credit of any good which happens I may lay claim, and I will never shift upon another the discredit when the result is bad. And now, my dear wife, I think of you as being where alone true comfort can be found, enjoying in your own warm house a happiness which in the great world is not known. Heaven bless you! may your joys be many, and your cares few. My heart often yearns for home; but when that blessed day will come in which I shall see it, God knows. I am afraid it is not so near as I expected. I told you that I had written to the Admiralty that my health was not good, and requested their lordships would be pleased to relieve me. This was not a feigned case. It is true I had not a fever or a dyspepsy. Do you know what a dyspepsy is? I’ll tell you. It is the disease of officers who have grown tired, and then they get invalided for dyspepsy. I had not this complaint, but my mind was worn by continual fatigue. I felt a consciousness that my faculties were weakened by application, and saw no prospect of respite; and that the public service might not suffer from my holding a station, and performing its duties feebly, I applied for leave to return to you, to be cherished and restored. What their answer will be, I do not know yet; but I had before mentioned my declining health to Lord Mulgrave, and he tells me in reply, that he hopes I will stay, for he knows not how to supply my place. The impression which his letter made upon me was one of grief and sorrow: first, that with such a list as we have, there should be thought to be any difficulty in finding a successor of superior ability to me; and next, that there should be any obstacle in the way of the only comfort and happiness that I have to look forward to in this world. The variety of subjects, all of great importance, with which I am engaged, would puzzle a longer head than mine. The conduct of the fleet alone would be easy; but the political correspondence which I have to carry on with the Spaniards, the Turks, the Albanians, the Egyptians, and all the States of Barbary, gives me such constant occupation, that I really often feel my spirits quite exhausted, and of course my health is much impaired; but if I must go on, I will do the best I can. The French have a force here quite equal to us; and a winter’s cruise, which is only to be succeeded by a summer one, is not very delightful, for we have dreadful weather; and in my heart I long for that respite which my home would give me, and that comfort of which I have had so little experience.

‘I hope your father and sister are well, and far happier than I am; but tell them that, happy or miserable, I shall ever love them. —, who was making a fortune, has be-

haved so ill, that he is to be tried by a court martial; but there are some people who cannot bear to be lifted out of the mud; it is their native element, and they are no where so well as in it.’

We have quoted enough to show our sense of the merits of this volume, and to justify us in warmly recommending it to general perusal. It is certainly not altogether a pleasant picture that we are called upon to contemplate, inasmuch as it exhibits so much of the insult and injury ‘that patient merit of the unworthy takes;’ but it is in other respects interesting and repaying in a very high degree. It holds forth a glorious example to the profession of which Lord Collingwood was so distinguished an ornament, and we can scarcely doubt that it will animate many a youthful heart to adopt and persevere in a similar course of devoted courage and undeviating patriotism.

THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA AS THEY ARE.

(Continued from page 19.)

RESUMING our analysis of this work at the interesting portion of its contents which furnished the concluding quotation in our last, we find an account of the reading institutions in America, indicating the prevalence of a general, though not very comprehensive, literary taste:—

‘Libraries are now to be found in almost every county town. The more respectable inhabitants, such as lawyers, physicians, ministers, and merchants, frequently put their libraries together, and deposit them in a room of the court-house for the use of every inhabitant in the county. Those who borrow books from these libraries, pay a small annual or monthly sum for the use of them. The money thus raised is applied to the purchase of new works, or to repay the proprietors for the injuries done to the old ones. These small collections, seldom exceeding five hundred volumes, contain generally the British classics, Shakspeare, Milton, Thomson, Pope, Johnson, Hume, Robertson, Sterne, Byron, Moore, and Burke, together with Franklin, Jefferson, Marshall’s Life of Washington, Botta’s History of the Revolution, Washington Irving, Cooper, &c. In large towns the libraries are proportionably more extensive, and those of Philadelphia, New York, Boston, &c., if not very numerous, are certainly select, mostly consisting of English works, except the New Orleans library of eight thousand volumes, which is chiefly composed of French authors.’

Of the extensive use which the Americans make of that great moral engine, the press, we were not unaware; but the observations of the author are not the less deserving of extract:—

‘Of the most important bulwark of a nation’s liberty, the freedom of the press, no people make a more extensive use than the Americans. Their newspapers are justly considered as the principal sources of public information. The American attends to his newspaper, not like the Germans or the French, for the purpose of deriving a topic of conversation upon politics in which they have no concern, but for the regulation of his public and private life. A rigid inquiry into the measures of government, which would in some countries be deemed arrogance, in others a crime, is with him a point of duty. He is a member of the sovereign body which elects its own representatives, who become responsible to him for their acts; he, therefore, is obliged to manifest his opinion as to their proceedings. With him the measures of his own immediate state, the acts of

Congress, of his Assembly, and his county, and the contests of parties, are points of primary importance: the affairs of foreign countries, Great Britain alone excepted, are to him of less moment. No other nation dares to express its sentiments on political, financial, military, judicial, and mercantile affairs like the Americans, because no other government can take so much interest in enlightening their fellow-citizens upon matters which may more or less concern them.

The newspapers, therefore, comprehend the whole life, public and private, of the union. The complaints of any particular state, against grievances inflicted by the central government; the grievances of the traveller whose landlord or captain has ill-used him, are alike inserted in these journals. The sheriff has not a surer or less expensive mode of recovering a prisoner who has escaped, or a planter of getting back his runaway slave, than a public advertisement. Jonathan is, as it were by nature, a spy. If you enter a tavern, the first question of the landlord will be, "Where do you come from? Where are you going? Who are you? What is your profession? What is your business?" He asks such questions, in short, as you are required to write down for the police at every inn in France, Prussia, and Austria; an unsatisfactory answer would expose you to criticisms and suspicions. It is almost impossible for a suspected person to escape; his shrewdness seldom fails to find out his man. Endowed as he is with a capacity for retaining in his memory the dress, the look, the physiognomy, and a thousand other circumstances, it will excite no wonder that out of one hundred persons advertised in the public papers, scarcely ten escape apprehension, owing to the scrutinizing eyes of this popular and gratuitous police. The advertisements before mentioned, and others relative to ships, goods, discoveries, &c., &c., sufficiently account for the astonishing number of American newspapers in circulation. Upwards of one thousand are now printed in the Union: Pennsylvania alone has one hundred and fifty. There is hardly a county as far as the falls of Ohio, which has not at least one public paper, some of them meagre enough, but they answer the purpose. The poorest man is thus enabled to keep a newspaper, the cost of which does not exceed three dollars (thirteen shillings) a year, as there is no stamp duty attached, which he is permitted to pay in produce. The central government has taken every care to facilitate the circulation of these papers, the postage of each amounting to only one cent in the state, and one and a half if sent out of it.

Unrestrained in language and comment as John Bull may be, Jonathan goes beyond him; and I am sure that if some of the members of the Holy Alliance could read these papers in their original language, they would operate like physic, and relieve many an oppressed country, by visiting the readers with a bilious fever.

The best public papers are reckoned to be The Richmond Enquirer, Neale's Weekly Register, Noah's Advocate, and the newspaper of Mr. Walsh, formerly a Jesuit. Religious, mercantile, and agricultural papers are published in great numbers, and as for reading-rooms, which are now to be found almost in every town containing two thousand inhabitants, they certainly may vie with any other nation.

The scientific or critical journals cannot be compared with their patterns the British, though they begin to be rather more than repetitions of the Edinburgh and London Reviews. The best are the North American Review, and the Portfolio. For the ladies there are the Mirror, the Ariel, and other journals of the belles lettres. These, with a number of academies for

arts and sciences, societies for the improvement of agriculture and commerce, with medical, philosophical, and physical institutions, certainly constitute a fund of popular information, which, though in some instances defective, may fairly be considered as superior to that of equal proportion and similar means.

There are several curious traits developed in the chapter descriptive of American high life, and life as it is found in county towns, &c.

Domestic life in America has the appearance of being cold and formal. The foreigner who enters a private society, is inclined to think himself among people who are utter strangers to one another. The American conducts himself towards his wife and his children, with very little more familiarity than towards his neighbours: this formality seems not quite in accordance with republican manners, but, when closely considered, will not be deemed out of place. To this reserve it is principally owing, that in American families so few instances are found of that brutality which too often disgraces the lower classes of other nations. To break out into any thing like impassioned feelings, would be thought highly improper, and their fire-sides exhibit the utmost decency of conduct: the cause of this is, perhaps, laid more deeply than is imagined. American life is much more before the public than that of any other people, and the citizen may be sure that he is closely observed by his best friends and neighbours, who do not fail to keep an exact account of his doings and sayings, in order to exhibit to his view a catalogue of all his transgressions, if he should attempt to fill a public station. He is, therefore, on his guard and rather inclined to hypocrisy, always demeaning himself with more outward correctness amongst his friends and neighbours than amongst strangers, who are of course indifferent to him. With principles we have nothing to do in this case: where waltzes and cards are in vogue, they are seen waltzing and playing whist; whereas at home and in county towns, they would not venture to name cards without a shudder. It may be thought that this kind of cunning is pushed too far, but in America we are not liable to be deceived by cunning, which, though current like depreciated paper-money, only imposes upon the ignorant.

The wealthier families live in a style which, in New York especially, exceeds all due bounds. The ladies of New York, imitating the fashion of the British metropolis, seem to forget that to assume the character of peeresses, something more is requisite than a Cachmere shawl, bonnets trimmed with Brussel's lace, and a London watch with a gold chain, or an affected indifference to the display of these fineries, by throwing them off as the sailor does his tattered trowsers.

The forenoon is employed by the fashionable fair, in sea ports, in preparations for dressing, in an occasional touch upon the piano, and in other trifling occupations: at twelve their female friends drop in accompanied by a native dandy. After having gone through the *Chronique Scandaleuse* of the last twenty-four hours, they make the round of the fashionable shops until three; at three, dinner is served; this is followed by a ride, after which they go to the Italian opera or to the theatre, and then to supper. A ball changes the order of things, and supersedes opera or theatre.

It is certainly not the fault of the ladies if they do not attract attention; their attractive powers are great, and they are not wanting in endeavours to set them off, especially if a stranger or a foreigner of supposed rank should make his appearance. Nothing can be more entertaining than to watch them on such occasions; all the springs of female vanity and espionage are put in motion, and the adven-

turous spirit of the female fortune hunter has reached its highest pitch, if the foreigner exhibit so netting like a diamond about him. In a few days the diamond will often change into a glass stone, and the lord, count, or baron, into a runaway adventurer, and our embarrassed miss resorts again to her virtuous pride, which is ready at hand until another subject is found. A number of stories are weekly related on this interesting topic, and though half of them prove mere fabrications, it requires no very acute penetration to discover that the American ladies, in point of prudence, are still superior to their British cousins, whose love is said to be in exact proportion to their marriage settlements. Some years ago a young British merchant came introduced to Mr. P——, and was invited to dinner; he came—he saw—he conquered. A few days were sufficient to ripen the affair, and the young man was requested to give a more explicit account of himself; he did so, and being young, handsome, and though not rich, still being possessed of sufficient property to begin business, he was accepted.

The wedding day was fixed, when unhappily arrived Mr. S——, a wealthy Virginia bachelor, who was forty years of age, and possessed of thrice as many slaves, with two plantations. This gentleman, or rather his plantations, were too respectable not to claim every attention on the part of Miss P——, and of course the company of the planter was preferred to that of John Bull, who for a while was put aside. He withdrew, and immediately returned the *gages d'amour* which he had received, expecting the lady would do the same. In a fortnight the old bachelor, who, as might be supposed, was too well versed in affairs of this kind to exhaust himself in such tokens, took his departure, and access was again permitted to the discarded Englishman. John Bull, however, despised the hint, and even threatened to publish the affair if the presents were not returned. They were in consequence sent back, and Miss P——, like many of her fair sisters, had the threefold mortification of losing in a fortnight, two lovers, a diamond ring, a breast-pin, and ear-rings. Other examples of the kind might be adduced, but, as we are afraid of offending the fair candidates by dwelling too long upon this matter, we forbear.

Any one to whose lot a lady of this description falls, may be sure of not getting the very worst of her sex. One little objection I should myself feel to a union with one of these prudent ladies is, that they always live much longer than their husbands. What they want in feeling, however, they supply in prudence, and they become cautious, well versed in human affairs, and extremely circumspect; moreover, they behave with great decency in company. In elucidation of such characters, who are less rare than might perhaps be imagined, the following touching one of the most respectable ladies in P——a, may be added. Her son, a young lawyer, came to practice at K——a; being rather too much of a gentleman, he was soon disgusted with the dry study of Blackstone, and returned to his bibacious habit of drinking brandy in Mr. M——'s tavern: the rest of his time was spent in bed. Notwithstanding his trembling hand, this hopeful son met with an object who seemed likely to return his addresses; his mother was informed of it, and ordered her son home, to the great displeasure of the tavern-keeper. "William, are you married?" was his mother's address to him, when he entered her room on his return from his late residence, at a distance of upwards of three hundred miles. "No, madam!" "Well, go to your room and wait my orders." These were, that he should set out the next day, to a distance of three hundred miles, in a direction opposite to K——a. Some

weeks afterwards, Mr. and Mrs. P—— arrived at Philadelphia, and paid a visit to this lady. The conversation having turned upon her son, "Why," said the tender mother, "I am very glad that it has been in my power to prevent this unequal match; I should then perhaps have had to provide for his children as well as himself. I do not know indeed what to do with this young man; he drinks so terribly, and smokes so incessantly, that I shall be forced to send him next summer to New Orleans: there the yellow fever I hope will cure him."

We unite cordially with our author in his view of religious matters, and of the advantages arising from the universal toleration of all religions:—

'By giving the ascendancy to none of the established forms of worship, and by refusing to the minister of religion any salary out of the public treasury (a measure for which the Union is principally indebted to the immortal Jefferson, who laboured incessantly till he had succeeded in rescinding all such grants,) religion, from being the means of livelihood to its ministers, as in almost every Christian country in Europe, became the property of the people, and even when apparently deserted, its absolute necessity became the more visible, and its dominion was the more firmly established. Although the dogmatic system of the different Christian forms of worship may have suffered from this adaptation of them to the popular opinion, and though many an inquiry may have taken place, at which an orthodox believer would have shuddered, the true Christian religion cannot but have gained by the change. The most unbelieving sceptic must surely feel inclined to serious reflections, when, in a country so perfectly free to choose whether he will believe in religion or not, he sees that religion, which was less than twenty-five years ago an object of derision and contempt on the continent of Europe, and is only just reviving, displaying in America a multitude of churches erected to its honour, and frequented with an eagerness that affords the clearest evidence of the truth of Christianity, and of its natural and necessary operation upon the human mind. The American is religiously inclined, and if not so in reality, in appearance, at least, he is more sincere than the European.'

The examination of the conduct and pretensions of the innumerable sects is particularly shrewd and full; but we can find room only for one glowing scene,—a camp meeting of the Methodists:—

'About four thousand people with twenty preachers were present; part of them were at work erecting huts, with trees and branches. At ten o'clock the religious exercises began, which only differed from other forms of worship, by the ranting of the preacher, and the deep groanings of his audience. We returned to Meadville, to revisit the place in the afternoon. The scene was now changed; one of their most violent enthusiasts was in the pulpit, and his theme was the love of Christ, and the hatred of sin: the stream of his eloquence overflowed with love. At the words "You are to love Christ fervently, you are to hold him in your arms," the whole assembly sighed deeply, and such ejaculations were now heard, as almost to bereave me of every sense. The preacher growing warmer and more violent, exclaimed at last, "There I see Christ—there he is sitting"—nodding to me.—"There is Christ," exclaimed one of the auditors. "I have him in my arms," cried another. A third and a fourth joined in the exclamation, and such a sighing, jumping, leaping, and beating their breasts ensued, as became only a company of madmen: this, however, was only the prelude

to what was to follow. The preacher after a short pause began to speak of sin; how Christ and sin were incompatible, how sin was the work of the devil, and brought us or would bring us to hell. The sighing now changed into groanings, reminding the hearer of a field of battle. The more the preacher enlarged upon the torments of hell, the deeper was the groaning. On a sudden one of the women was seized with violent convulsions, her face became livid, her eyes were distorted, a cold perspiration ran down her forehead; she was raised, as if by a supernatural power, and fell senseless to the ground. A howling ensued which was heard at the distance of two miles: many of the women threw themselves down beating their breasts, and tearing their garments; others jumped like Bacchantes, their hair flying in disorder, their breasts thrown open, until exhausted with shrieks they sank down by the side of their sisters. Life seemed to have fled with decency from these fanatics: half naked they lay senseless on the ground, until removed by the preachers and elders. I observed, with shuddering and dismay, to what an extraordinary degree of madness religious fanaticism may lead. The evening service was held immediately after supper (a meal which every one had brought with him,) and lasted till half-past ten; it differed but little from the former scene: at eleven the pious fanatics retired to their huts. When the reader is informed that these four thousand sectarians were, almost without exception, of the lower orders, uneducated and uninformed, and mostly young people of both sexes, who having waited for this opportunity with the utmost impatience, arrived from a distance of from ten to twenty miles, he will not be surprised to hear it stated, that scenes of illicit intercourse followed, over which, though delicacy draws the veil, truth commands us to pronounce to be the natural effects of the previous unholy excitement. The next day the same scenes were acted; on the third day both preachers and auditors were so exhausted that they returned home.'

With the author's clever and liberal estimate of the American character, we conclude our notice of his volume:—

'Though the United States exhibit a greater uniformity of manners than any other nation, yet there is still found a striking difference amongst them. In the eastern sea-ports you will find the manners of an European metropolis, alloyed by the pride of wealth, which, as it is the only mark of distinction, is not calculated to encourage courteous and social habits. In the central parts, from the Alleghany Mountains down to Cincinnati, a truly republican character is more than anywhere conspicuous. It is liberal, unassuming, hospitable, and independent. Further on we find the half-cultivated indigence of a rising population.'

'The different States themselves, vary not less in their characteristic features; and a Yankee of Massachusetts is in many respects as dissimilar to a Kentuckian, as the Irishman differs from a Scotch highlander. Situation, climate, and occupation, gradually lend a distinct feature to each separate state; contending interests also contribute to establish a character which differs more or less with that of its neighbour.'

'The ruling passion of the American is the love of money. Vain indeed would be the attempt to vindicate his character on this point; with him, worldly prosperity and merit are indissolubly connected. Something, however, may be conceded to this feeling, when it is considered as springing from the very nature of his public institutions; for in the absence of artificial distinctions, wealth is the grand passport to public and private importance.'

'Though this cupidity is certainly too far extended, and a sordid love of money is everywhere prevalent, yet it is but fair to state, that there is not a people on earth, who, when in possession of wealth, make a more beneficial and liberal use of it. An American, it is true, will consult his own interest: he will not hesitate to sacrifice health and everything dear to him, and will even not be over-scrupulous in the selection of means to accomplish his purpose. But wealth obtained, he will not only contribute to the comfort of his family, but to that of the people in general; he will not only advance the improvement of his immediate locality, and encourage the institutions of his county or state, but with the same eagerness he will give his subscriptions to colleges and churches five hundred miles distant from his residence, and often in preference to those around him, if productive of more beneficial consequences. Thus, as we have stated, sprung up most of the literary institutions and churches in the north. There are a thousand examples of this liberality.'

'The liberality of the American, and, what is still better, his sound sense, is nowhere more striking than in the cities, and the public and private buildings of the United States. * * * Even Paris suffers in comparison with the airy, light, comfortable, and elegant American cities. Of these, New York is the most splendid. The Broadway, commanding on the one side a perspective view of the State House, and the vast expanse of waters, with the various islands on the other, is unrivalled for beauty, perhaps, in the whole world. It is not yet so imposing as Regent Street, or Rue de la Paix, but it is certainly more elegant. Boston is the most solid, as it is the most literary and refined city of the Union; Philadelphia is the plainest and most aristocratic. Washington is laid out in the grandest style, though its completion will, perhaps, never be effected; but even Baltimore, Richmond, New Albany, New Orleans, Cincinnati, are handsome cities. In these, as everywhere else, the enterprising spirit of the people is immense.'

Discourses on the Blasphemy against the Holy Spirit; Divine Influence, and its Connection with instituted Means. With Notes. By WILLIAM ORME. 12mo. pp. 284. London, 1828. Holdsworth.

MR. ORME has been before us already in the character of an able defender of missions; now he appears as the pious, sensible, judicious, and practical dispenser of God's word. His subjects are among the most difficult in theology, but he has so handled them as to render them plain to any capacity; and in the notes will be found much valuable matter. What is intended by the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, we think it quite impossible to determine: great and learned men have ever differed on the point, nor has Mr. Orme satisfied us by his interpretation, which refers it to hostility to that dispensation of the Spirit, which commenced with the exaltation of Christ, and especially on the day of pentecost. St. Matthew and St. Mark should be compared; and it appears to us the latter gives us an insight into our Lord's meaning, by the addition of the words—'because they said he hath an unclean spirit.' ch. iii. 30.

Far the most important part of this little volume, is the latter, comprehending the sermons on the Holy Spirit's influence and its connection with the appointed means. Many fine passages will be found in them; and, among others, we should not forget to direct attention to the remarks concerning

ministers in the primitive times, as compared with those to whom the dispensation of the gospel is now committed.

The Harmonicon. No. I. New Series.

THE *Harmonicon* of this month contains much interesting information, as far as concerns music and musicians, and also much judicious criticism in the latter department. We may notice the critique on Thomson's Scotch Songs, which includes Weber's Score of 'John Anderson my Jo,' a rich treat for the lover of elegant harmony; Beethoven's Will cannot be uninteresting to the admirers of that mighty musician. Eight pieces from various composers display the editor's usual taste in the selection. We particularly admire the canzonette, 'Non giova il Sospirar,' by Gaetano Donizetti, a young composer who is becoming popular in Italy. It is a charming air, sparkling with true grace and elegance.

ORIGINAL.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

—'Nimium ne crede colori.'—VIRG.

As I gaze on the lovely ones flitting about
In the pride of their beauty and prime of their bloom,
Though feeling too deeply, if earth were without,
That I too might as well be at once in the tomb,
Yet remembering the power that Death has to destroy,
That Time and Disease have to alter, and blight,
I almost regret that such visions of joy
Ever fluttered my breast, or attracted my sight.
And when I reflect how unstable and vain
Are the passions and hopes which we fancy secure,
That, while charms keep unblemished, affections may wane,
And leave us the worst of all pangs to endure;
I turn from each beautiful creature I meet
With an eye of distrust and a sigh of despair,
To think that such forms should wear hearts of deceit,
And looks in which truth has so trifling a share.
Yes, 'tis but too rarely that faith can be placed
In the flush of a feature, or tone of a word,
By more eyes than our own the same flush may be traced,
By more ears than our own the same tone may be heard.
And what is their value, if, beaming on all,
The looks of the loved one unceasingly shine,
The smile, which as sweet on another can fall,
I will not believe was e'er meant to be mine.
No—through life like a cloud let me rather glide on,
And pass, in my darkness, unheeded away,
Than be tinged with a brightness, that, when I am gone,
On another will light with as sunny a ray:
Oh, no! if I am to be loved ere I part
From a world that, without, is a desert, I own,
Let it be with eternal devotion of heart,
Or desert as 'tis, I'll go through it, alone!

SFORZA.

WIVES.

To the Editor of *The Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—Your readers may perhaps not be aware of the existence of a society, which has for some time past held weekly meetings in Nassau Street, Soho, but has not yet assumed, if I am correctly informed, any distinguishing appellation.

It originated last winter with a few young men, who, although great admirers of wedded love and connubial bliss, in the abstract, were yet cautious of approaching too near

the torch of Hymen, lest like thoughtless and imprudent moths, they should burn their wings in the flame, and lose all power of escape.

One evening, after having edified each other with a variety of original and valuable observations on the corn laws, political economy, and Catholic emancipation, marriage, the subject uppermost in their thoughts, and of never failing interest, became the topic of conversation: 'to wed or not to wed?' was the momentous question now agitated; more correctly speaking, however, the difficulty which presented itself to the mind of each was not 'shall I marry?' but 'where shall I find a suitable partner?' The virtues which a wife should possess were discussed, and they mutually condoled with each other on the hopelessness of meeting with a lady not below the proper standard of excellence, and on the great scarcity of those amiable and accomplished heroines of whom we read in our popular works the most enchanting descriptions. Before they separated they came to the resolution, that as the attractions of beauty and the influence of passion rendered it difficult to make a prudent choice, they would mutually throw aside all secrecy and reserve, and meet frequently together to consult and advise with each other, in all steps of a matrimonial tendency. They have continued to meet accordingly up to the present time: some change has however taken place; from a small knot of intimate companions they have grown into a somewhat numerous society, governed by a president elected quarterly, and by certain laws and regulations, full particulars of which may be obtained at the subscription rooms, No. 10, Nassau Street, by those who are curious.

I do not however find that the society has met with much success in its inquiries after female perfection, and the practical tendency of its proceedings has been to make the members so extremely circumspect in approaching the brink of matrimony, that I firmly believe the greater part of them will remain all their lives in a state of single blessedness. It appears, too, that several matches have been broken off through their agency, in consequence of which the society is getting an ill name in the neighbourhood, and its principles are held in bad repute. For these reasons I have hitherto declined entering my name on their books, although strongly solicited so to do: I could not, however, resist a pressing invitation to attend one of their meetings, the other evening, when I was given to understand the newly elected president would deliver an address; indeed I could not help feeling a strong desire to learn how the subject would be handled, on which I was told he would expatiate, and which appeared to me of a novel character. Subsequently to the meeting, on looking over the notes I made at the time, it occurred to me that it would promote the objects of the society, and possibly gratify some of your readers, if a correct report of the president's discourse were to appear in your pages.—It is as follows:—

"Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing."

Proverbs 19. 22.

Gentlemen,—In rising to address you from one of those celebrated axioms which have been handed down to us from the highest antiquity with the authority of scripture, I feel happy that it affords me an opportunity of

refuting some of those calumnies which have gone abroad relative to the views we entertain, and the objects we embrace. It has been said that this association is hostile to the true interests of society as connected with the female world; that we are enemies to marriage, and endeavour to confirm each other in vows of perpetual celibacy, by scrutinizing the conduct of those who have plighted their troth at the nuptial altar, and by magnifying the obstacles which impede the attainment of true conjugal felicity.

Gentlemen, the authors of this slander can be but little acquainted with the principles we espouse, or they would know that not only do we hold the institution of marriage in the highest estimation but that we are at all times ready to subscribe to the sentiment expressed by the philosopher and king of the Jewish nation that 'whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing.' If it be asked how comes it then that the members of this society are not partakers of the blessings which Hymen is said to shower upon his votaries, we reply, that it is our misfortune and not our fault; but that we are able to assign the most satisfactory reasons why we have yet been strangers, in a practical sense, to the joys of wedlock, reasons which it is partly my duty this evening to explain.

Gentlemen, although we yield to none in a just sense of the inestimable treasure possessed by him who is so fortunate as to obtain a wife, it is necessary I should state, that the meaning we attach to the term, and in which we imagine we are fairly borne out by the writer of the Proverbs, is widely different from that which is generally received. We are not willing to admit the claim of every female to the honourable appellation of wife, simply, because she may have duly observed the forms prescribed by law or custom, to those who enter 'the holy state of matrimony.' Gentlemen, it is not the performance of any ceremony, ecclesiastical or civil, that can give the power to fulfil the duties of a new station; that can endow a mind with virtues it never before possessed; that can transform the giddy and the thoughtless into the prudent and the wise; that can change the female character from that which it too generally is now, to that which we trust it will one day become; that can make one of a very numerous class with whom there is scarcely any other subject of interest but dress, any other theme of conversation but fashions, whose acquirements are superficial, whose pursuits are frivolous, the intelligent companion, the bosom friend, one who is indeed 'a help meet' for man, with whom earth is a paradise, and home heaven; one who may justly be entitled a wife, according to our definition, and as it was understood by Solomon, when he said, 'whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing.'

The subject of our consideration, this evening, naturally divides itself into three parts. In the first place, you will remark, that the words are, 'whoso findeth a wife,' &c. by which is clearly implied, that a wife is not to be met with so easily as some persons imagine, but that a diligent search is necessary, which may not always be successful. In the second place, I shall direct your attention to the object we are in search of, and shall explain what a wife is, and in the third place, I shall attempt to prove that a wife is indeed a good thing, by depicting the advantages

which must fall to his lot, who possesses such a companion through life.

Gentlemen, to perceive the extreme difficulty of finding a wife, we have only to look around us. Among those of our friends who have suffered themselves to be tied with the indissoluble knot, how few of them have found *wives*, according to the true acceptance of the term. One is calculated only for the drawing room; in a fashionable party she will dazzle and delight, but she is wholly destitute of those sterling virtues which shine in the family circle, and by the fire-side. Another is one of those notable bodies, who, priding themselves on their diligence and skill as managers, are eternally engaged in domestic occupation; who, like Martha, are always 'troubled about many things,' but who forget there are yet more interesting pursuits and higher duties, which should not be neglected. A third is composed of indolence and helplessness, pride and affectation. A fourth is fretful, waspish, sluttish; never wearing a smile or a clean gown but before company, discontented with every body and every thing, but herself. I do not deny that among them there are many amiable women, of excellent dispositions and affectionate hearts; but, alas! how few are there who possess minds enriched with information, with whom the intelligent would delight to hold converse, and who are fit to be intrusted with the charge of the rising generation, over whom they necessarily possess, in early life, an overpowering influence.

Gentlemen, I beg I may not be understood as desirous to maintain that there are not ladies, now existing in society, who would make wives, such as we should be proud to honour, I only regret (and I am sure you will all sympathise with me) that the place where they are to be found should still remain a mystery.

It is much to be regretted, that in the present anti-social condition of mankind, the opportunities afforded the sexes of forming a correct appreciation of each other's character, before marriage, are few and rare. Inequalities of property and distinctions of birth have divided society into *castes*, and caused so much of the spirit of exclusiveness to prevail, that individuals designed by nature to be inseparable, may live all their lives near neighbours, without learning each other's existence. It is in vain that we attend our public places of resort, our fashionable assemblies, or scenes of gaiety and dissipation, we should endeavour to penetrate into those families where 'there is no place like home.' Where there is union among brothers, and affection among sisters, and where mental cultivation is not forgotten in 'busy idleness.'

I shall notice another difficulty which is thrown in our way by the match-making propensity of mankind. We see a face for the first time, in which we think we can trace indications of those qualities on which we place the highest value: we visit the lady to gain a further insight into her character; but while we are making such observations as would enable us to form a correct judgment, our kind friends have arranged the day for the wedding, and before we have received the slightest intimation of our danger, it is almost too late to make an honourable retreat.

Let us pass on, in the second place, to de-

scribe what a wife is: and here, gentlemen, as there may be shades of difference between us, I should wish to address you, not as the advocate of the views entertained by this society, but as one who submits, with all due deference, his own opinions to your consideration, and you will perhaps allow me, instead of dryly discussing general principles, to give you a fancy sketch of her whom I have long hoped to call mine, if indeed such a being exists any where but in my own imagination.

It is necessary, I should premise, that I am not one of the blind worshippers of beauty and fortune; I have ever valued mental more highly than personal charms, and I believe that he who would neglect an amiable girl, because she is poor, deserves to be wedded to one from whom he would gladly give all his wealth to be free. If, then, it should be asked, respecting the lady of whom I am now about to speak, is she rich? is she beautiful? what is her rank in life? I reply, that I shall not take up your time about matters which I deem only of secondary importance.

When you are first introduced, you do not think of admiring the symmetry of her features so much as that look of intelligence which beams in her countenance, and that smile of cheerfulness and benevolence by which it is constantly irradiated. You perceive, from the glow of health on her cheeks, the lightness of her step, and the buoyancy of her spirits, that she has not been accustomed to a life of idle ease, or that she has spent her time with those who, having no stimulus to exertion, sink into indolence and inactivity, and become the prey of debility and consumption. You cannot be long in her company without noticing, that with much of grace and dignity, there is yet nothing of affectation or hauteur in her manners; her dress is remarkable only for its neatness and propriety; there is no superfluity of ornament, yet no sign of personal neglect; without sinning against good taste, or suffering the changes of fashion to pass wholly unheeded, it is evident her thoughts are not always employed on silks and ribands, and that she does not dress for display. In conversation, you will remark that the foibles of her neighbours do not form a favourite topic; she is more inclined to praise than condemn, and there are other subjects in which she feels a greater interest. Her opinions, if not always the most accurate, are not the result of implicit faith in others, but of her own observation and reflection, yet she does not maintain them with the pertinacity of a disputant; you find she is at all times anxious to elicit information from others, and that she reasons for truth and not for victory. Although well read in history, and familiar with most of the sciences, she cannot be accused of making a parade of her learning, or of ostentatiously employing philosophical terms when others more generally in use would equally answer the purpose. In the fine arts she has some skill; in music she excels; by which I do not mean that she possesses the same mechanical powers which enable many to excite astonishment by their performance of difficult passages; but in whatever she is prevailed upon to attempt, vocal or instrumental, she succeeds, because she is capable of entering into the spirit of a composition, and possesses a truly musical ear. You will not easily discover to what

extent she is acquainted with the Continental languages, or with those of the past; while it is probable they have not been neglected, she appears to have been taught that the acquisition of ideas is of much more importance than a knowledge of mere sounds and words, and she is right.

One subject, which she has studied more closely than any other, is education, and by understanding the best means of developing the powers of the infant mind, she has enabled herself to perform the highest duty of a wife, that of making a good mother.

It is almost a work of supererogation to endeavour to prove, in the third place, that whoso findeth such an one to accompany him throughout his pilgrimage in this world, findeth 'a good thing.' Why is it only in my day dreams that I have met with a being formed in such a mould? Why does my imagination conjure up scenes of happiness I shall never realize, joys I shall never know. Byron tells us that—

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home,

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.'

It is delightful to dwell upon such a picture, although it is one to which, in our own personal experience, we may ever be strangers. It is a bleak winter's night; with quick steps you are pursuing your journey homeward, and all the anxieties which have harassed your mind during the day are forgotten as you approach the charmed spot. At a distance, you perceive the window of your sitting room illuminated with the blaze of a Christmas fire, sedulously prepared against your return. Already you feel, by anticipation, its invigorating warmth, and you bid defiance to the wind which whistles round you, and the cold sleet which is penetrating through the thick folds of your great coat. Keeper replies to your well known whistle, and gives notice to the household of your coming: in a moment the gate is thrown open; you enter, and receive your welcome in that smile of joy, which, more than a thousand protestations of affection, whispers to your heart—'be happy.'

The hours pass swiftly, too swiftly away with her who shares all your pleasures and sorrows, who sympathizes in all your cares, who pursues with you the same objects, the same studies, and you exclaim in the words of Milton,—

'With thee conversing, I forget all time,
All seasons, and their change.'

THERE'S A BRIGHT HOUR NEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF AHAB.

Go! thou melancholy gloom,
That my brain so long hath nurs'd,
Let my soul new hopes resume,
For my ills are at their worst.
This strange lightness of my heart,
And its long unwonted cheer,
Whispers, friendless as thou art,
There's a bright hour near.

The blood that in each vein
Black despondency had chill'd,
Now feels like April rain,
With new warmth and freshness fill'd;
And as flow'rs that leave their tomb,
At the opening of the year,
My lost joys again shall bloom,
There's a bright hour near.

A secret voice I hear,
 And a waving hand I see;
 Other thoughts and things appear
 Than were wont too long to be.
 In the murmur of the breeze
 A sound comes on my ear,
 Which says, go! bid sorrow cease,
 There's a bright hour near.
 Oh! long, long, sad years have past,
 And maddening I have stood,
 'Neath the rushing of the blast,
 By the roaring of the flood.
 In the forest's deepest shade,
 By the wave, when night was drear,
 These had pleasures—now they fade,
 There's a bright hour near.
 The hoarse raven's boding croak,
 From the ice encrusted tree,
 And the blast that bow'd the oak,
 Were as music unto me.
 The sickly-looking bough,
 With its leaf so brown and sere,—
 But these delight not now,—
 There's a bright hour near.
 As the grass looks for the flower,
 And the bird for leaf-clad tree,
 And the sadly silent bower
 For the music of the bee;
 And the elm its new-plumed crest
 In the summer sun to rear;
 So, I look from care, to rest,
 There's a bright hour near.
 As the pensive willows droop
 O'er the winter-frozen stream,
 Seeming sadly, as they stoop,
 Of its murmurs hush'd, to dream,—
 I bend down in silent thought,
 Now my ills are most severe,
 Till a voice is to me brought—
 There's a bright hour near.
 The birds upon cold boughs,
 Who've sat motionless and dumb,
 Now look for love's new vows,
 In the music that must come;
 The mallard for its food,
 When the sun shall light the mere,
 And I, for coming good—
 There's a bright hour near.
 For the newly flower'd grove
 I feel my spirit long;
 In the sun warm'd field to rove,
 To hear the lark's rich song.
 And as these to me are signs
 That a change will soon appear,
 My glad heart its doubt resigns,
 There's a bright hour near.

S. R. J.

RECOLLECTIONS AND REMINISCENCES. NO. III.

AN EXECUTION IN PARIS.

DAMPIER, in noticing the little feet of the ladies of the celestial empire, quaintly remarks, 'They, (the ladies in question) seldom stir abroad, and one would be apt to think, that, as some have conjectured, their keeping up their fondness for this fashion were a stratagem of the men's, to keep them from gossiping and gadding about, and confine them at home.' I never stumble upon this passage of the worthy Buccaneer, without wishing that the friends of the Parisian ladies would either advise them to refrain from the custom of honouring executions with their presence, or introduce the fashion of little feet to 'keep them from gossiping and gadding about.' I once had ocular demonstration of this *penchant* of the French ladies for such disgusting exhibitions, on one day, coming from the Cour Royale, which I was in the habit of attending, not only for the sake of

listening to, and deriving amusement and instruction from the pleadings of the advocates, but also that I might accustom myself to the various provincial dialects, from the shibboleth of the Faubourg St. Antoine to the *patois* of the Bretagne and the *greek* of the Marseillois; and I advise every English stranger who is desirous of attaining a thorough knowledge of the French tongue, to take his lessons, as I did, from the proceedings of the chambers of correctional police; he will find it infinitely preferable to the usually recommended course of visiting the theatres, (they have no Emery's nor Rayner's,) and his stock of knowledge will obtain a greater increase by attending to the responses of a French witness than by listening to the futile attempt at provincial dialect by any *artist* on the stage; always excepting Odry, on whom an English public will soon have it in their power to pass sentence, and presuming that the student has somewhat more than a superficial knowledge of the tongue he wishes to master, before he attempts to pursue the windings of a judicial investigation. As I descended the broad flight of steps that lead from the Palais de Justice to the spacious court yard below, I became entangled in a dense crowd, from which I found extrication impossible till I had reached the fountain in the Place du Chatelet. As soon as I had escaped from the pressure of the throng, I sought a place of security, and was in a short time acquainted with the cause of such a multitude being collected: an execution was about to take place, and of all such scenes, this must have been the most dreadful,—it was the execution of a mother and son; the former was sixty-five years of age, and the latter but twenty-four;—they were convicted of the crime of having murdered an infirm woman of eighty. The Place du Chatelet is midway between the Conciergerie, to which the criminals had been that morning brought from Bicêtre, and the Place du Grève, where they were to suffer. By the time the procession appeared on the bridge, I had become surrounded by as great a crowd as that I had fallen into on leaving the Palais de Justice. The prisoners were both seated in one cart, with their backs to the horses, and a priest at the side of each; the vehicle was preceded and followed by a detachment of the gendarmerie, the 'swallows of the guillotine,' whom I have mentioned in my article on Vidoc. The son sat near the horses; his appearance was dejected in the extreme; despair and terror had lent a dreadfully wild expression to his features, and he occasionally put his hand to his brow, as if to dash off the clammy drops that started on his forehead; and then applied both hands to his throat, as if he were gasping for that breath which he was about to lose for ever. His head sank on the priest's shoulders, and his whole frame seemed unnerved by utter debility. His aged mother, the partner of his crime, appeared, on the contrary, the picture of resolution and daring courage. 'Upon her eye-balls murderous tyranny sat in grim majesty, to fright the world.' Her grey hair which had fallen from under her cap, and hung in matted locks about her face, heightened the Hecate expression of her eyes, which flashed with vindictive glances on the multitude assembled to view her progress. As soon as the cart had passed, the rush of the throng swept me

with it; I was carried with the stream towards the spot where the world was finally to close on two wretched beings who had alike violated the laws of God and man, and was thus forced to witness an exhibition which I would otherwise have gladly escaped. On arriving at the foot of the scaffold, the old woman leaped boldly from the cart, hurriedly ascended the steps, and stood alone and unsupported on the platform; but the son had not power to rise, terror had chained him to his seat, and he was ultimately lifted from the cart, assisted up the steps, and placed by the side of his mother, near the executioner. To the most aged was allotted the priority of undergoing the last penalty of the law; she was bound—placed under the knife,—and was, in a moment, lifeless. As the weapon rapidly and obliquely descended ringing in the grooves, I was watching the effect of the sound on the other prisoner, whose back was turned to the sight; I could only remark a slight tremor, and a convulsive rising of the shoulders, but when a gendarme slightly touched him, to warn him that his time had come, he fell under the touch, as if it had struck life from him; and he was probably unconscious of the remaining part of the sacrifice; his coat, which had been loosely thrown round his shoulders, was rudely torn from him, his shirt rent down, and he dragged to the knife by that hair which seemed to have been previously curled with the greatest attention to effect. From the time of the arrival of the cart at the foot of the scaffold till the striking off the son's head, ten minutes had not been consumed, and in less than ten more the whole structure was taken to pieces, and the multitude dispersed.

The number of females present on this occasion was immense; they at least formed two thirds of the multitude, and evidently took the greatest interest in the whole affair; they apparently considered it as a fête, and enjoyed it accordingly. Their dress, moreover, bespoke them as belonging, if not to the upper classes, at least to the middle rank of society; certainly the lower orders did not predominate.—Voltaire's assertion, that the French were a compound of the tiger and monkey, was never more forcibly illustrated than in the conduct of these females on such an awful occasion. As the cart passed to the place of execution, they assailed the son with every epithet of vituperation afforded them by a copious vocabulary; his features, distorted with terror, and his hands, compressed with agony, were subjects of ridicule; and their savage remarks ceased only when the unit of his life 'had been withdrawn from the sum of human existence.' The unyielding demeanour of his guilty mother was, on the other hand, received with marked approbation, and, as she occasionally, with convulsed features, and arms uplifted in the wild paroxysm of insanity, turned round to revile the craven terror of her offspring, the applause from those of her own sex was redoubled, and repeated at every frantic gesture of the exulting demoniac. I again assert that this want of feeling was not seen in the lower orders exclusively; and that it is not confined to the lower orders alone, is proved by an anecdote told by Morris in his Views of Modern France. He asked a lady in Paris, who was under twenty years of age, and the mother of three children, what made her so indifferent to them, and unmoved by the adversity under

which she was labouring? She replied without hesitation that she attributed it to the many scenes of horror which she had witnessed in Paris during the revolution, which had steeled her heart against the finer feelings, and rendered her proof against poverty, misery, and distress. She added, that when a child, she was often promised, as a reward for good behaviour, to go and see the victims of political fury guillotined, and had often witnessed the execution of seventy or eighty in the short space of an hour; the young and old scrambling for places to see well, as if they had been at a play. She also observed, that to see two or three cart loads of dead and perfectly naked bodies go by her window, in the course of a morning was very usual.

Mr. Fox is reported to have said, in the House of Commons, 'that among many evils arising from wars and revolutions, one much to be feared was, that the frequency of battles and massacres would by degrees weaken our sympathy for each other, and render us indifferent about the shedding of blood.' The preceding anecdote confirms the truth of this observation, and shews that the British orator possessed a profound knowledge of human nature, and knew how to form a correct judgment of man.

Executions in France are not events of frequent occurrence; their code is less sanguinary than ours; they do not, every session, condemn twenty or thirty unhappy wretches to death, and leave three fourths of them to depend, almost with confidence, on a certain commutation of the penalty. They seldom suffer but for assassination, and robbery attended with aggravated violence, and after their condemnation have three days to appeal to the Court of Cassation, to set aside the verdict; this indeed is a forlorn hope, it is throwing a straw to a drowning man, and few take advantage of the privilege but for the sake of the gloomy satisfaction of prolonging life for a few hours. In the days of the notorious *Chauffeurs*, the guillotine was often in request, and the execution of any of that dreadful tribe was attended by extra thousands, and considered as a fête *par excellence*. The *Chauffeurs* had acquired a name for dying boldly; the toilet on the day of their death was a matter of importance, as they prided themselves on their Macheath air, and assumption of careless courage; often walking to the axe with a flower negligently held between their teeth, and retained there long after the head had flown from their shoulders. Their appellation of *Chauffeurs* was derived from their cruel practices, they were professed burglars, (and, by the way, looked forward to the guillotine as the certain termination of their labours, as confidently as Mat o' the Mint did to the gallows, when he comforted his doomed captain with 'it's what we must all come to,') and were used to seize the inmates of the houses which they forcibly entered, and bake their feet before the fire in order to extort a confession of the place where treasure was supposed to be concealed. The crime was very common over the northern and western departments of France, and in the Netherlands. *The Bold Turpin* was, in fact a *Chauffeur*, but he did not bake the feet of his victims; he, with a greater share of attention to their personal comfort, quietly seated them on the fire, and gave them a practical illustration of Guatimozin's bed of roses. From such a warm couch of repose, I heartily

wish the readers of The Literary Chronicle for ever free.

J. D.—N.

FINE ARTS.

John Singleton Baron Lyndhurst, Lord High Chancellor of England, &c. Engraved by T. WRIGHT, Mem. Imp. Acad., St. Petersburg and Florence, from an original Drawing by A. WIVELL.

THE pencil portraits of Mr. Wivell display a taste and beauty of execution, that have obtained for him the reputation of being almost the first of our artists in that peculiar style; and we are of opinion that the present one will add to it, both on account of the eminent station of the individual whom it represents, and the accuracy of the likeness. With respect to the plate, the engraver has performed his share of the task with great feeling, and given a faithful and tasteful copy of the original drawing. We do not pretend to say that, as a work of art, it is to be compared to his head of Admiral Shishkov, which we lately noticed, it being executed in a different manner, less finished, yet more delicate, and so far it evinces great versatility of talent. We may, perhaps, be allowed to say, that even his lordship's predecessor in office could not entertain a doubt as to the merit of this engraving.

THE DRAMA.

DRAMATIC REGISTER—*Drury Lane*, Jan. 11. The Critic, Killing no Murder, and the Pantomime.—12. The Cabinet, and the Pantomime.—14. The Critic, Killing no Murder, and the Pantomime.—15. Isidore de Merida, and the Pantomime.—16. The Critic, Killing no Murder, and the Pantomime.—17. Isidore de Merida, and the Pantomime.

Covent Garden, Jan. 11.—The Winter's Tale, and the Pantomime.—12. Native Land, and the Pantomime.—14. Hamlet, and the Pantomime.—15. The School for Scandal, and the Pantomime.—16. Charles the Second, The £100 Note, and the Pantomime.—17. Native Land, and the Pantomime.

THE KING'S THEATRE opened on Saturday evening. The house has been considerably embellished and improved; the central chandelier has been removed, and the overpowering, yet partial light it emitted has given place to a congenial glow of generally diffused illumination, with which the newly painted panelling and the regilding of the more ornamental parts are perfectly in unison, and the whole has a very pleasing effect. The opera selected for the occasion was *Margherita d'Anjou*, in which Madame Caradori's usual science and sweetness were eminently conspicuous. Porto sustained the part of Carlo Curiono, the Duke, and Madame Brambilla that of Isaura. Mr. A. Sapio made his first appearance; his vocal talents are highly cultivated, but not distinguished for great natural power. The chorusses were grand, and the opera went off with éclat. A new ballet was produced, entitled *Hassan et le Caliph*, in which Brocard acted the principal part. The piece was well received.

At Drury-Lane no deviation has been made from the performances of last week, which still retain their attraction. At Covent-Garden the opera of *Native Land* has been revived, in which Mr. Wood sustained the character of Aurelio di Montalto. This gentleman's reputation is daily increasing;

his vocal powers are only exceeded by his genuine taste and feeling. The continued illness of Mr. Kean has suspended those exhibitions of genuine tragic excellence, which are so justly appreciated, and which have recently proved so attractive. We are sincerely anxious for the speedy removal of this impediment to public gratification, and hope soon to witness the energies of this great actor exerted in unison with those of his talented contemporaries, Young and Charles Kemble.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—*Soiées Françaises*.—This favorite theatre opened on Wednesday night, under the direction of Messrs. Cloup and Pelissié, with *Le Tartuffe*, followed by *La Fille Mal Gardée* and *L'Ambassadeur*. Our readers are already well acquainted with the performances of this company, at the Royal West London Theatre, and their removal to the Lyceum is sufficient proof not only that their talents are highly esteemed, but that their performances are likely to increase in favour with the British public. Under these auspices the Lyceum has been fitted up with so much elegance, so subdivided and adorned, that could one of its old visitors be placed while asleep in the centre of the theatre, upon awaking he would scarcely be able to recognize it. The pit is divided into seats of two classes, and the whole of the boxes and gallery are fitted up as private boxes, with partitions of crimson cloth, with the exception of the centre of the first circle; this and the pit being the only places appropriated to casual visitors. The gilding and colouring have been renewed, and each box is adorned with festooned draperies of white and pink, ornamented with gold-coloured tassels, forming a *coup d'œil*, at once novel, elegant, and rich. Before the overture, the orchestra played God save the King, and, upon the rising of the curtain, Madlle. Lemery and M. Pelissié delivered a neatly conceived address (in dialogue,) expressive of their hopes in obtaining an increase of British patronage, which was duly appreciated by the audience. The cast of characters in *Le Tartuffe*, is so nearly that of last season, that we need only say M. Perlet's performance deserved the encomiums it has invariably received, and was as much admired as ever. Of Madame Daudel, we can only repeat our former commendations; her natural ease and animation strongly remind us of Miss Kelly—each of these ladies is in herself a model of dramatic excellence. The representation of *Tartuffe*, upon the whole, was admirable, and it was followed by the monologue in honour of Molière, already described in No. 401 of *The Literary Chronicle*. Great allowance is due to the managers for the difficulties attendant upon the opening of a new theatre, but we trust the admirable punctuality of the other royal theatres, will, in future, be imitated in this. We have pleasure in concluding our remarks with observing, that there is no longer any necessity to argue upon the propriety of the two nations becoming mutually courteous, as a perfect spirit of liberality and reciprocity of honourable feeling seems already established.

VARIETIES.

Mr. R. Burford will exhibit his panorama of the Battle of Navarino, next week. In the position of the ships, the manner of attack, &c. he has strictly adhered to the official plans,

which, by permission of His Royal Highness the Lord High Admiral, he has been allowed to use; the view of the town of Navarin, and of the country surrounding the bay, are from drawings taken immediately subsequent to the battle, by Lieutenant T. Finmore, under the inspection of Sir E. Codrington.

The corporation of the city of London has voted the sum of £200 to fit up the Guildhall for a grand concert to be given for the benefit of the Spanish and Italian Refugees.

The collection of exotics in Kew Gardens has recently been much extended by importations from New South Wales.

M. David, one of the principal artists in Paris, a member of the institute, was assassinated, on the 8th instant, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night near the Church of St. Germain des Près. Among other works in which he was engaged were statues of General Foy and Talma.

On the 24th ultimo, at Chelsea, died Mr. John Scott, the celebrated animal engraver, in his 55th year. Mr. Scott was a native of Newcastle, and was originally apprenticed to a tallow chandler. His love for the fine arts, however, triumphed over every obstacle opposed to him by this uncongenial situation, and he ultimately obtained employment as an engraver, under Mr. Pollard, who was his townsman. He soon rose to great eminence in his profession, and his engraving after Cooper, may be considered as inestimable treasures of art. He had suffered under the illness which ultimately terminated his existence, for the painful period of six years.

At a meeting of the Wernerian Natural History Society, Edinburgh, held on Saturday last, stuffed specimens were exhibited of the birds collected by Captain Parry, during his last voyage; two of them were killed beyond the north latitude 81 degrees. Specimens of the rocks of Ross Island, the most northern known land of the globe; Hansteen's map, illustrative of the earth's magnetism; and a chart of Parry's voyage along the coast of Spitzbergen, and route in boats towards the north pole, were also presented to the society.

Colds.—At a period of the year, like the present, when the weather is liable to such constant variations, there are but few persons who have not more or less suffered from exposure to it, as *damp feet*, &c. the effects of which are generally known by the term of 'Catching cold,' and by the medical attendant denominated a *catarrh*. Inattention to this complaint frequently causes it to terminate in other diseases, some of which are often fatal; among the number, we may mention *pulmonary consumption*: as a means of avoiding such consequences, we shall briefly enumerate the symptoms attendant on this disease. To bring the subject better before us, we will suppose a case: a person from some of the well known exciting causes, has caught cold, he has slight head ache, languor, accompanied generally with drowsiness, loss of appetite, a flow of tears from the eyes, or a running from the nose; furred tongue, hot skin, pulse quick, bowels confined; these are symptoms, which, if not speedily removed, in 24 hours often make an alarming progress. The means of cure, are to subdue the exciting cause of the present symptoms, and we generally commence by removing the confinement of the bowels—they must be opened: and in all diseases the stomach and bowels should be

carefully attended to. I wish to impress this *Abernethian aphorism* upon the reader's attention: for, when it is attended to, many of the symptoms not unfrequently vanish.

H. W. D.

Mr. Horace Smith.—Mr. Shelley said to me once, 'I know not what Horace Smith must take me for sometimes: I am afraid he must think me a strange fellow; but is it not odd, that the only truly generous person I ever knew, who had money to be generous with, should be a stockbroker! And he writes poetry too,' continued Mr. Shelley, his voice rising in a fervour of astonishment; 'he writes poetry and pastoral dramas, and yet knows how to make money, and does make it, and is still generous!' Mr. Shelley had reason to like him. Horace Smith was one of the few men, who, through a cloud of detraction, and through all that difference of conduct from the rest of the world, which naturally excites obloquy, discerned the greatness of my friend's character. Indeed, he became a witness to the very unequivocal proof of it, which I mentioned elsewhere. The mutual esteem was accordingly very great, and arose from circumstances most honourable to both parties. 'I believe,' said Mr. Shelley, on another occasion, 'that I have only to say to Horace Smith that I want a hundred pounds or two, and he would send it me without any eye to its being returned; such faith has he that I have something within me beyond what the world supposes, and that I could only ask his money for a good purpose.' And he would have sent for it accordingly, if the person for whom it was intended had not said nay. I will now mention the circumstance which first gave my friend a regard for Mr. Smith. It concerns the person just mentioned, who is a man of letters. It came to Mr. Smith's knowledge, some years ago, that this person was suffering bitterly under a pecuniary trouble. He knew little of him at the time, but had met him occasionally; and he availed himself of this circumstance to write him a letter, as full of delicacy and cordiality as it could hold, making it a matter of grace to accept a bank-note of £100, which he inclosed. I speak on the best authority, that of the obliged person himself; who adds, that he not only did accept the money, but felt as light and happy under the obligation, as he has felt miserable under the very report of being obliged to some; and he says, that nothing could induce him to withhold his name, but a reason which the generous would excuse. When Mr. Horace Smith sees this account of himself, he will think that too much has been said of his generosity; and he would be right, if society were constituted otherwise than it is. Actions of this kind are not so common in trading communities as in others, because people learn to taste the value of every sixpence that passes through their hands. And for the same reason they are more extravagantly admired, sometimes with a fatuity of astonishment, sometimes with an envy that seeks relief in sarcasm. All these excesses of homage are painful to a man who would fain have every body as natural and generous as himself; but the just tribute must not be withheld on that account, otherwise there would be still fewer counteractions to the selfishness so abundantly taught us.—At the period in question, I have said that Mr. Smith was a stockbroker. He left business

with a fortune, and went to live in France, where, if he did not increase, he did not seriously diminish it; and France added to the pleasant stock of his knowledge. The personal appearance of Mr. Horace Smith, like that of all the individuals I ever met with, is highly indicative of his character. His figure is good and manly, inclining to the robust; and his countenance extremely frank and cordial, sweet without weakness. I have been told he is irascible: if so, his city training is in fault, not he. He has not a jot of it in his appearance.—*Leigh Hunt.*

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.		State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Taken at 1 o'clock Noon.		
Jan. 11	29	34	45	29	55	Snow.
..... 12	39	44	48	..	76	Rain & H. Wind.
..... 13	44	45	45	..	26	Rain.
..... 14	44	45	38	..	48	Snow.
..... 15	35	37	34	..	58	Rain.
..... 16	35	37	38	..	58	Rain.
..... 17	45	48	48	..	90	Rain.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

Alexander's Last Banquet in our next.

A Secret Admirer may take our word for it, that there is nothing alarming or infectious in the great painter, or the lamented poet whom she mentions. They are alike qualified to arrest attention and to repay it. She may, therefore, shake her bright locks with gentle scorn and incredulity at an over nicety which resolves itself into its opposite, and a scrupulosity justified neither by propriety nor taste.

We suspect that Clara is more inclined to eulogise the blessings of liberty, than to dispense them; though we doubt not that her captives are better pleased with her chains than we are with her verses.

J. M. L. in our next.

Letters from Jeremy Harcastle, Esq. to Whittington Oldbury, Esq. will be commenced in our next number.

We are obliged by the communication of H., and hope to hear from him frequently.

A Sonnet, by E. L., and an Address to Nature, by A., are intended for insertion.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION:—A Chronology of the Reigns of George the Third and Fourth, by W. J. Belsham, Esq.—The Beggar of the Seers, or Belgium in the Time of the Duke of Alva.—A new edition of Ainsworth's Dictionary, by Dr. Jamieson.

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